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Conciliation or Capitulation?

By Ernest Remnant

IF the temper of the nation is accurately reflected by the conduct of public affairs, it has undergone a profound change since the war. Lord Grey of Fallodon, indeed, lately claimed that there was a noticeable spread of the League of Nations attitude of mind, as exhibited in our Chinese policy, and implied that the complete ascendancy of the Geneva spirit was the only way to salvation. Before joining in the applause doubtless evoked by this flattering testimony to our moral evolution, it is permissible, at least for a Conservative, to examine the fruits of this new faith in conciliation at any cost, in universal good will and honesty, in turning the other cheek. I venture to assert that any Conservative, grown to maturity before the war, whose faculties of apprehension are not now wholly engrossed either by the struggle for existence or the pursuit of pleasure, can only conclude that the primrose path Lord Grey invites us to tread leads to perdition. The greatness of England and the British Empire is not a fortuitous material fact, like the height of the Himalayas; it is transcended by the greatness of the English tradition, a noble foundation upon which through the centuries generations of Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen have built an Empire wider in extent, freer and more powerful than any known in history.

As the child is father of the man, so it is certain that, in a growth so long and so consistent, the form and character of the Empire, as a whole and in its component parts, have been shaped by the character and traditions of the race which created it. That they built well has

never been doubted, and we have been justly proud of our heritage. But we have inherited not merely a material possession which may be quickly dissipated; we are heirs of a tradition by fidelity to which alone it can be preserved and enhanced. Nothing is, indeed, more sure than that, if the spirit which inspired the builders of the Empire fails, the fate of ancient Rome will soon overtake us. Lord Grey's speech, to which I have referred, positively claims such a change of spirit as a sign of grace and matter for congratulation.

A very few examples will suffice. A Coalition Cabinet (in itself a sign of moral weakness) surrendered ignominiously to rebellion, treason, and murder in Ireland. Its concessions to ignorant clamour in India and Egypt came perilously near to wrecking authority in both of those countries, and have shaken the British prestige upon which, more than upon force, that authority rested. In an almost servile anxiety to crawl into the good graces of America, we threw over the alliance with Japan, which had stood the fire test of war. We entered into conventions at Washington which forfeited our hitherto unquestioned naval supremacy and tied our hands in regard to China, where our interests are immeasurably greater than those of the U.S.A. When in 1925 we were threatened with a coal strike which had been long foreseen, we bought time, not peace, at a vast national cost in cash and morale. Does anyone now suppose that, had the Government made the necessary preparations, as was its obvious duty, and taken up the challenge in 1925, the nation would not have suffered less than by postponing the fight till 1926? And was it not as obvious in 1925 that, while patient negotiation with an honourable opponent is a duty, compromise with a malicious enemy is impossible? Throughout the long struggle of the coal strike (as to the elementary rights and wrongs of which there was little excuse for doubt at the time, and is none now), more than half of the Church, the Press, and those who are supposed to express public opinion either definitely supported the enemies of the nation or urged a weak neutrality which confused and delayed the issue.

In the last resort civilization rests upon order and respect for the law. These destroyed, the descent to

anarchy is inevitable and rapid. We have been accustomed to trust the magistracy of this country to do its duty by fearlessly administering the law and, noisy vituperations of a few rebellious Socialists notwithstanding, it is certain that the mass of the nation has a wholesome respect for its impartiality. A number of benches composed of well-known local men of all political shades imposed sentences of fine and imprisonment for criminal acts of terrorism and sabotage during the coal strike. It has never been shown that the punishments inflicted were excessive or more than necessary to check repetition of the crimes. Yet Sir Austen Chamberlain, while acting as locum tenens for the Home Secretary, chose to remit or largely reduce these sentences wholesale, in order, presumably, to make a conciliatory "gesture" to the criminals and their friends. What matter that the authority of the magistrates be weakened, if the ruffians are placated! Are not surrender and conciliation the new ways of solving old troubles? Yet concession to brutal forms of crime was ever regarded as weakness encouraging expectation of future leniency. But that, I suppose, is the discarded belief of an age that knew not the new gospel of non-resistance.

Even the most foolish of the sentimentalists hardly go so far as to contend either that colliery companies could for long be compelled to produce coal at a loss, or consumers at home and abroad to pay an arbitrary artificial price. It should now, therefore, be evident that the coal dispute settled itself ultimately by the play of economic forces almost entirely in accordance with the conditions laid down from the first by the employers. There could, in fact, have been hardly any variation from those conditions. It follows, then, that all the intervention of the Government, the subsidies, the conferences, the threats, the oratory, the episcopal appeals resulted only in disastrously prolonging the strike and increasing its cost. If it were possible to hope that a lesson has been learned, and that the next industrial conflict would be allowed to settle itself by common-sense methods, even the experience of the last couple of years might have been worth while. But if, on the contrary, the nation is now so thoroughly in the grip of the

democratic disease that a purely economic dispute becomes a matter of party politics; that common-sense and economic law are overwhelmed by the mass mobilization of false sentiment; that the sinister designs of the subversive elements will be obscured by humanitarian smoke-screens and episcopal soft sawder, then a Victorian or Edwardian Conservative must be forced to the conclusion that a new spirit does, indeed, rule England today. Twenty years ago one would have had to search for it in obscure little Bethels and amongst queer sects and cranks. Now it claims to be supreme.

But there are worse examples of the working of the new spirit, excepting only the Irish Treaty, perhaps the most shameful page in our history. We chose to confer diplomatic recognition on the gang of thieves, terrorists, and Sadists who, with the help of our then enemy, Germany, had seized power in Russia, murdered our ally, the Tsar and his family, and murdered, starved or ruined almost the entire educated population. It would be wearisome again to catalogue their crimes. They are already half-forgotten, but most people can recall enough to realize that no such monstrous enemy of civilization and religion has ever threatened mankind. Even were we justified in shutting our eyes to the iniquities of the Soviet within Russia, which in respect of diplomatic relations I deny, there could be no conceivable justification for entering into "friendly" relations with a government loudly and persistently proclaiming its intention to destroy the existing bases of civilization, beginning with the British Empire. The shameful Treaty having been made, there was, however, until lately some excuse for the present Government's hesitancy in denouncing it.

But recent developments in China demand that British prestige, badly shaken by the politicians, shall be restored to its maximum strength. There should, then, be no further delay in abrogating a treaty which amounts to no less than compounding a felony. And not merely a felony which is past, but one which is being daily re-enacted. Apart altogether from its effect upon our interests abroad, it has become increasingly clear that the existence of the Russian treaties lowers our own morale. It suggests that crime pays and need not be punished. It affords a rallying

point for all the worst and most treasonable elements in the country. It encourages indifference to the honesty of trade lest perchance a profit should be missed. It provides a charter both for the thief and the receiver of stolen goods. Doubtless a decisive break with the Soviets would have some troublesome repercussions. But they would be outweighed by the electrifying effect it would have, not only upon British prestige throughout the world, and particularly in the East, but on the morale of our population at home.

It would not be fair to accuse the Government of inability to screw up their resolution to the point of facing the Socialist howls in the House and giving the Soviet agents their passports. They may be nearer this step than the public thinks. The enthusiasm it would arouse would exceed even that which swept the country at the last General Election.

Although all these wrongs have been perpetrated by successive Governments without any effective protest on the part of the public, this is probably due to ignorance, apathy, and preoccupation with its more immediate concerns rather than to conscious acquiescence in violations of moral law. But the easy-going indifference to any consideration which touches it less closely than the Final Tie or the price of a pint of beer renders it unlikely that the national conscience will be very deeply stirred by the past misdeeds of its keepers. Unless, however, the old English spirit is not merely dormant, but dead, it can hardly much longer tolerate the humiliations daily heaped upon it by the Government's policy in China. The public generally was at the disadvantage of knowing very little about China. It was inclined, moreover, to care less. The Government thus got a good start. By a well-drilled chorus of self-congratulation, lustily supported by a section of the Press and helped by some more than usually idiotic and inconsistent Socialist criticism, they for a while hypnotized the country into believing that British interests and honour were being upheld with all the dignity and strength of a Palmerston sublimated by the latest doctrines of Geneva. When at last some troops were dispatched to Shanghai, the man in the street began again to feel that, while other nations

might make a deal of noise in the world, it was good to be British. And, indeed, so far as his pride springs from confidence in our defensive force at Shanghai, it is certain that it is more than justified. For happily there is no reason to fear that the disease which seems to have paralysed the spirit of most of our politicians, preachers, talkers, and writers, has infected our fighting services. But after the first few weeks of mutual admiration and general approval the complacency of the Government has had some rude shocks, and it is destined to suffer more. For, after all, the Chinese crisis is not merely an opportunity to enable a Foreign Secretary to make "gestures" which will be applauded at Geneva and by all the apostles of self-determination and non-resistance; nor interminably to extol "legitimate national aspirations" which are neither national nor legitimate. It concerns the lives and property of 16,000 British citizens actually resident in China, hundreds of millions of British capital, and trade of such dimensions that it may truly be said to affect directly or indirectly almost the entire nation. And men of the kind to leave the comforts of home to seek their fortunes thousands of miles away are also, like the men of the fighting services, immune to the mental weaknesses that afflict the talkers at home. They are necessarily realists, not sentimentalists. And this is what they say in a memorandum on the effect of the Hankow Agreement prepared by the Shanghai British Chamber of Commerce and the China Association, the most representative commercial bodies in China:

> The memorandum begins by pointing out that the British community in China was led to believe, previous to the negotiations between Sir Miles Lampson and Mr. Eugene Chen, that the intention was to make clear that Great Britain was willing to consider the modification of the treaties, provided that anti-British agitation ceased and also that such modification would have to be by stages. In view of Sir Austen Chamberlain's speech on January 29 last, the British communities in China felt assured that, whatever arrangements were made with regard to Hankow, safeguards would be insisted upon to ensure proper participation by the British community in municipal matters.
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> While the signing of the Agreement was hailed at Hankow with a feeling of relief, wrongly described in some reports as satisfaction, a careful perusal of the Agreement has filled the British commercial community in China with dismay, for not only does it contain no

safeguard, but it does not provide any *quid pro quo* whatsoever for the virtual surrender of all British rights with the exception of extra-territoriality. Such an agreement is a capitulation which has not secured the respect of the Chinese nor created an atmosphere of friendship. The Chinese look upon it only as a further proof of weakness.

It has been followed by a more intensive anti-British agitation and propaganda all up the Yangtze valley, including Hankow itself, where conditions are today worse than ever. The Agreement is absolutely unilateral, for it gives away everything without insisting on any obligation on the part of the Chinese. It should have contained stipulations that the Chinese would do their utmost to suppress all anti-British agitation, propaganda, and strikes, and should have made provision for British municipal councillors to be elected by the British ratepayers, thus ensuring that the Chinese majority would not be able to make British participation in affairs entirely illusory.

Since the British municipal councillors are to be elected by the ratepayers as a whole, and not by the British ratepayers, and since the franchise has been fixed at such a low figure, the Chinese will eventually be able to elect their own nominees as British councillors, and since the word British is not defined they can elect British-born Chinese. The majority of Chinese ratepayers would be able to impose such taxation as it thinks fit, deprive foreign ratepayers of any control of municipal finances and repudiate the present debenture issue, the holders of which lent their money on the security created by the fact that the municipality was British-controlled. By returning the concession to the Chinese the British Government has given away the security of the debenture-holders without their consent.

Referring to Mr. Locker-Lampson's statement in the House of Commons on March 9, attributing the fall of land values and municipal debentures in Hankow mainly to the uncertainty of the political situation in China, and his expression of the hope that the Hankow Agreement would prove the first step towards a gradual restoration of confidence, the memorandum states that: "Not only are the Hankow municipal debentures at present unsaleable, but as a result of the terms of the Agreement it is highly improbable that the new municipality will be able to raise money by debentures, and it is certain that this will result in higher taxation."

After emphasizing that "in view of the terms of the Hankow Agreement it will be more difficult to negotiate a new satisfactory one at Tientsin without antagonizing the North," the memorial insists on "the absolute necessity of the British Government making it clear that the retention of foreign control of the international settlement of Shanghai be maintained at all costs." "In the two large adjacent Chinese areas of Chapei and Nantao, which are geographically part of Shanghai, no effective municipal administration has ever been installed. Moreover, the Chinese public know as little about municipal administration as of Parliamentary government, there being no Chinese municipal government anywhere in China as the British know it."

The memorandum states that the publication of the terms of the Hankow Agreement has resulted in the depreciation of property and debenture values at Tientsin and Shanghai, and that the Shanghai municipality, which finances itself largely by means of debentures, will be unable to place further debenture issues until confidence has been restored with regard to the future status of Shanghai.

The memorandum concludes by emphasizing that "the British community is opposed to the wholesale surrendering of British rights, under which the Chinese, far from ever having suffered, have tremendously benefited commercially, financially, and as regards security, without any *quid pro quo* or safeguard for British trade interests. They wish it to be realized that the Nationalist movement has a tendency towards increasing control by the Red Left wing, dominated by Moscow. This fact, of which there is no doubt whatever, cannot be too often reiterated. It is accountable for the result that today, months after the official calling off of the anti-British boycott in South China, Hong Kong is finding it very difficult to do business with Canton; also for the fact that the signing of the Hankow Agreement, far from lessening, has actually resulted in an increase of anti-British propaganda at the Yangtze ports and, indeed, throughout China."

It is customary to discount unfavourable criticism as prejudiced or partisan. And, indeed, there is such diversity of opinion among those who claim to instruct the public that there is some excuse for confusion. But if the united opinion of the leading organizations of British interests in China, expressed as unequivocally as in the memorandum here quoted, is not accepted and acted upon as authoritative, then British policy has lost all coherence and must fall into chaos. I have no desire here to enter into a detailed discussion of what the Government should and should not have done in China. Nothing that I could say would have a fraction of the weight of the damning indictment of the British community on the spot. The ground has also been well covered in previous numbers of the REVIEW by Mr. J. O. P. Bland, "Mencius Junior," a very well informed Chinese contributor, and others. I have good authority, however, for saying that a warning of the plans then being prepared with Russian co-operation, which have since been carried out almost to the letter, was conveyed to the British Government at least eighteen months ago. Nevertheless, at Hankow, as in the 1925 coal strike, the Government, fearful of criticism for being "provocative," was found quite unprepared. Hence in each case the necessity of giving way, involving in China and throughout

the East a disastrous loss of "face." Discussing the subject the other day, a distinguished diplomat with responsible experience in China remarked to me that even the technique of our negotiations was quite incomprehensible to him. "In diplomacy one does not begin by giving away everything, particularly to a party which may soon disappear. Those who follow will give no credit whatever for your former concessions and will want all or more than you have left."

It is amazing we should have tamely accepted the dismissal of Sir Francis Aglen without protest. By our feeble acquiescence we have suffered an almost indelible humiliation in Chinese eyes, the more galling since no one was more surprised at our new attitude of meekness than the Chinese themselves. It is true that the appointment to the supervision of the Customs rests nominally with the Pekin Government. But many millions of British money have been invested in Chinese loans upon the security of the Customs, and if all the circumstances of Sir Francis Aglen's summary *congé* are ever published, they will not redound to the credit of our diplomacy. Since the Government have failed to insist upon any compensation for material damage by violence and looting beyond a ridiculous sum of £5,000, it would be interesting to know if they propose to reimburse the British community in China at the expense of the British taxpayer at home, or leave most of them uncompensated, like the sufferers from German air raids in England.

It is a bitter reflection upon the spirit of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons that the two most effective speeches on the Chinese policy of the Government, apart from one by Commander Fanshawe on the military operations, were made by Sir Alfred Mond and Lt.-Commander Hilton-Young, both recent acquisitions from the Liberals. If the bulk of the electorate is only dimly, if at all, conscious of the value and importance to the Empire of maintaining our status in China, a larger proportion realize that the preservation of our rule in India is vital. Lord Meston, a distinguished ex-Indian civil servant, in politics, I believe, a Liberal, wrote the other day:

> We have not realized that every blunder, every hesitance, every

weakness on our part in China goes ringing down the whispering galleries of Asia and weakening our whole position in the East.

I cannot conclude better than by quoting from the dispatches of the *Times* correspondent in Shanghai (March 5):

It is bitterly remembered that the House of Commons loudly cheered the announcement of the signature of the document (Hankow Agreement), whereas for the British concerned it involves very heavy individual losses, the inevitable decay of a fine thing created by British enterprise and a deplorable derogation of British prestige.

At Tientsin the first effect . . . was to render Municipal Bonds unsaleable and to force down land and property values in some cases by about 50 per cent. At Hankow . . . the fall in values has been greater, and confidence in the future has been destroyed.

Not even a Liberal Government could have been guilty of such a record twenty years ago.

A potent and virile ingredient in the British character that built up the Empire was tenacity. That would seem to have evaporated and given place to a strange new anxiety to listen seriously and respectfully to all the ignorant cranks and sentimentalists who champion every cause inimical to British interests. Without organic growth the Empire cannot endure. Without tenacity to hold what we have it must soon dissolve. This fear is already troubling the older generation of Conservatives, but they are either too old or too exhausted by the war to protest effectively against the new gospel of non-resistance. The younger generation, stunned by that vast catastrophe and since bewildered by our seething domestic problems, has not yet found its bearings. It would seem almost unconscious of the fact that the British nation has reached a crucial stage in its history when either it must advance to yet greater heights or sink, slowly maybe, to the relative insignificance of its dismembered parts.

It has been taught to despise the counsel of its elders to whose misjudgment and lack of vision it believes the war was mainly due. It looks in vain for inspiration from Parliamentary leaders. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's prescription for all ills, however violent, is Negotiate! Negotiate! Negotiate! Sir Austen Chamberlain has a better—Capitulate! Capitulate! Capitulate!

House of Lords' Reform

By A. A. B.

Two months ago there was a debate in the House of Lords on the inconvenient arrangement of business by the House of Commons. Lord Carson and other peers complained that in the first part of the session they had nothing to do, while at the fag-end of the session complicated and important Bills were shovelled upon them by the Lower House in such numbers that it was impossible to consider them with due care, particularly under the hardly veiled threat that the Lords must not take too long in examining the divine edicts of the Commons. The obvious way to correct this abuse would be for some of the Government and private Bills to be initiated in the House of Lords and sent down to the House of Commons. The careless and ambiguous drafting of modern Acts of Parliament is notorious, and this might be avoided by their unhurried scrutiny in the first instance by the eminent lawyers who abound in the Upper House. Nothing but the vulgar jealousy of a democratic assembly prevents this sensible adjustment of means to end from being adopted.

The Parliament Act of 1911 was never discussed by the Press or the platform, and the war followed so quickly upon its passage that its effect upon the relation of the two Houses of Parliament is today realized only by those professionally engaged in politics. The House of Lords, which is an older institution than the House of Commons, possessed the power of rejecting or amending all Bills except Money Bills, which they could reject but not amend. The Parliament Act of 1911 converted this immemorial right of rejection by the senior branch of the legislature into a suspensory veto of three years for all Bills except Money Bills; that is to say, if a Bill has been passed in three consecutive sessions by the Commons, it will become law without the consent of the Lords. This Act was immediately applied to the Home Rule Bill of 1912, which, thrice passed by the Commons and thrice rejected by the Lords, was placed on the Statute book on September 18, 1914, six weeks after the outbreak of Armageddon. With regard to Money Bills, clause 1 shall speak for itself: "If a Money Bill having been passed by

the House of Commons and sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the session is not passed by the House of Lords without amendment within one month after it is so sent up to that House, the Bill shall, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to His Majesty and become an Act of Parliament upon the Royal Assent being signified, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill."

Such then is the actual position. The House of Lords have been deprived of all power of touching Money Bills, and with regard to all other Bills, after the third rejection the assent of the House of Lords is to be dispensed with, and was actually so dispensed with in regard to a Bill repealing the union of the United Kingdom. It matters nothing that the Home Rule Act of 1914 was never put in operation owing to the war. The grim fact remains that a law, altering the constitution of the three kingdoms, was passed without the assent of the House of Lords. The reality of the situation, that we have been for the last twelve years living under the government of a single chamber, has been concealed by the war, the trouble after the war, and the blessed accident that for that period, save for the single session of Labour-Socialist rule, we have been governed by coalitions, in which the main element was Conservative, and, finally, by Conservative Ministries. That period may be drawing to a close; there are many who predict the advent of a Labour-Socialist Government at the next election, next year, or the year after. Such a Government, under the machinery of the Parliament Act, might abolish the House of Lords altogether, confiscate the endowments of the Church, make Wales and Scotland into Free States after the pattern of Celtic Ireland, double the income tax and the death duties, reduce the Army, the Navy, and the Police, nationalize all public utility trades, rob the owners of mining royalties, elect the judiciary, fix a uniform minimum wage, and generally bedevil the country. "Pooh! The distempered dream of a Victorian Tory," the optimists will exclaim. But if you had told Gladstone or Disraeli that a Prime Minister would bargain away the constitutional powers of the House of Lords for the votes of eighty Irish Nationalists, and that he would obtain

the Sovereign's assent to the creation of 500 peers, you would not have been believed. And if you had told the late Lord Salisbury that his nephew and Walter Long would place 11,000,000 voters, including women and the recipients of parish relief, on the register, he would have laughed, and told you to "sweeten your imagination with an ounce of civet." Nothing is impossible nowadays, and we have therefore to guard against what men may do, not what we fear or hope they will do.

For the maintenance of Britain as a great Power, and for the protection of property and personal liberty, we must have a second chamber to check and revise the legislation of a chamber elected by universal suffrage.

Let us ask ourselves, seriously and dispassionately, what do we want the House of Lords to do? What sort of men are likely to do best what we want? If we sit down in a cool and disinterested spirit to separate the grain from the chaff in this clamorous dispute, we shall find that, as is generally the case, there is little to divide reasonable men. The House of Lords is wanted to correct and delay; to revise the mistakes of haste; and to postpone the designs of unscrupulous partisans until such time as public opinion can be tested by extra-foraneous discussion. The men who are most likely to do this kind of work well are not eager, busy, and ambitious politicians, but men who, as Lord Salisbury once said of the peers in the House of Lords, "approach politics in a spirit of good-humoured indifference." Three-fourths of the peers are not politicians at all, but plain country gentlemen, with the shrewdness, the honesty, and the energy of their class. It is true that these three-fourths are Conservatives, in the sense of being opposed to a Socialist Government. But then it is also true that three-fourths of the males in Britain who are over thirty, and who are possessed of property, inherited or acquired, in money or lands, are likewise opposed to a Socialist Government, not as Conservative partisans, but as men who have something to be confiscated. The reformers of the House of Lords tell us that they wish to create by election a non-partisan Second Chamber. It is an idle dream. Men who are elected to transact politics must be politicians, and politicians must be partisans. By no process of election, or selection, or nomination, can you get a non-partisan

Second Chamber; though by turning on the party machine you may produce a replica of the House of Commons. Surely one House of Commons is as much as the nation can bear! The nearest approach to a non-partisan chamber in the whole world is certainly the House of Lords, because its members have nothing to fear, or to gain, or to hope from politics as a profession. But then the reformers tell us that the House of Lords is more numerous than the House of Commons, consisting, as it does, of over 700 members, of whom hardly ever more than 100 attend. This is true; but what harm is done by the 600 absentees? Since the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837 the number of the peerage has been almost doubled. Since 1870 there have been 270 peers created. We all know what is said of the lavish creation of peers by Mr. Lloyd George after and during the war. Lord Rosebery's questions whether the Lloyd Georgian peerages were sold, and whether the money so obtained constitutes the mysterious fund by which Mr. Lloyd George proposes to run 500 candidates at the next election, have not been answered. There has undoubtedly been a good deal of corruption. But supposing that a large number of recent peers have bought their seats, and are, as some say, mostly recruited from the Liberal Party, again I ask, What harm do these men do? They are not likely to vote for Socialist measures, for the atmosphere of the House of Lords has a sobering effect upon the most earnest Radicals. Even, however, if this crowd of silent and absentee peers do no positive harm, the appearance of the thing is bad. In the tone of the present day people are always asking the awkward question, Of what use is this thing, or this man? As a concession, therefore, to a prevalent and not unreasonable sentiment, let us get rid of the "duds," as they are called, and reduce the number of the House of Lords to three hundred, who shall be respected for their record and their position in life. Until we do this, the nation will never be willing to entrust to a Second Chamber the necessary powers.

If we are to remodel the House of Lords, I do not think we can take a better pattern than that contained in the resolution which Lord Rosebery on November 17, 1910, carried *nem. con.* through the House of Lords. The resolution runs as follows: "That in future the House of Lords shall consist of Lords of Parliament—A. Chosen

by the whole body of hereditary peers from among themselves, and by nomination of the Crown; B. Sitting by virtue of offices and of qualifications held by them; C. Chosen from outside." This resolution was followed in 1911 by Lord Lansdowne's Bill to the effect that an hereditary peerage should not confer the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. My only objection to Lord Rosebery's resolution is the C class, as I do not see how Lords of Parliament are to be chosen from outside, except by making them dependent on a popular vote (however refined), which is the one thing to be avoided in the composition of the Second Chamber. Nor does Lord Rosebery's resolution mention for what period of time these Lords of Parliament are to exist, whether for life, or for the duration of Parliament, or, like the American Senators, for a fixed period of six or ten years. I should have thought that 300 Lords of Parliament, 150 chosen by the hereditary peerage from their own order, 75 nominated by the Government of the day, and 75 great office holders, would make a very efficient Second Chamber. Into further detail it is impossible to go within the limits of this article. As to the proportions of the different classes of peers, hereditary, official, and nominated, and the length of time for which they shall exist, there are opinions innumerable.

Having remodelled our House of Lords, what are the powers which should be restored to them by an amendment of the Parliament Act? First and foremost, and immeasurably in my opinion the most important, is to give your Second Chamber the power of amendment and rejection of Money Bills. This would not be so much a restoration as an innovation; for the powers of the peers over Money Bills have always been indeterminate and controverted. The general practice has been that the peers might reject but not amend a Money Bill. At the present period all questions of importance are concerned with money, and for the first time in our history a powerful Parliamentary party, led by responsible leaders, has arisen, whose avowed object is to transfer large masses of property from individuals to the State, with or without compensation. It is therefore essential that our Second Chamber should be given the power both of amending and rejecting Money Bills, with the exception of the Budget, the popular name for the Finance Act which provides for the national expenditure of the passing

year. Every Government, I think, has a right to have its Budget carried, and therefore I would confine the interference of the Second Chamber with the Finance Act to moving, but not insisting on, amendments. Discussion of those amendments, moved as they would be by great financial experts in the House of Lords, would be very valuable, even if they were not insisted upon.

As a warning and confirmation consider the speech by Lord Arnold on March 8: "I am glad to think that your Lordship's House has no real power in finance; but so long as it exists, and that may not be very long, it has the power of financial discussion . . . and certain financial discussions which can take place here" (on the Public Works Loan Bill) "are not without their modest usefulness."

With regard to what is called the suspensory veto, this need not be an unreasonable limitaton of the powers of the Second Chamber, though I should prefer the restoration of the old power of absolute rejection, which means in important cases an appeal to the electors, the last thing to which Socialists should object. But, after all, the vital issue is one of time, the period of delay. The avenues of agitation are so many and so free—the Press, the platform, petitions to Parliament, and the Crown (the practice ought to be revived), deputations to Ministers, instructions to Members—that if in three years' time an opposition cannot convince the Government or the nation that a Bill ought to be dropped, the presumption is, not that the Bill ought to be passed, but that the electors wish it to be passed; and passed, therefore, sooner or later, it must be. I do not see that it makes much difference whether the suspensory veto is repealed or allowed to continue, for if the House of Commons were to send up a Bill, backed by a large majority in the Lower House, twice or three times to the Upper House, the Lords are far too sensible to reject such a measure, as has been proved in our history over and over again.

Seeing the deplorable conditions under which Bills are now passed through the House of Commons, amidst tumult, recriminations, buffoonery, and mechanical closure, the taxpayers are entitled to the protection of a Second Chamber, strong enough to act without fear of the mob vote, and without expectation of reward from Ministers or wirepullers.

Notes from Paris

The Economic Crisis.—Before Christmas authoritative opinion prophesied that the economic crisis would reach its height towards the end of March, when the Exchequer would be feeling the pinch severely through the decline in revenue. Gloomy forebodings have, however, been only partially fulfilled, and one can safely assume that the worst time is over, since there has been no recent increase in unemployment. Although the losses in profits and wages caused by the trade depression must have been considerable, far fewer firms have failed than was expected, and the number of workers who have lost their employment and not found other jobs is probably not more than about 200,000.

The French exporting industries have stood the shock remarkably well. The volume of foreign trade has actually increased from January to February, although the balance in value is slightly on the wrong side. The fact is that the French manufacturers had a very broad margin. Even now costs of production are, on the whole, lower than in England, so that by cutting their profits fine most producers were able to face the competition of their foreign rivals. Revenue has, of course, fallen off appreciably, but the Ministry of Finance claims that the receipts still exceed the estimates, and there will be no harm done if the situation does not grow worse. M. Poincaré had covered himself against emergencies by issuing 4,800 millions of Treasury Bonds at the beginning of February.

So far, events have fully justified M. Poincaré's calculations, but it is gradually becoming evident that the real test of France's financial recovery will come in 1928, when the Government will be faced with balancing a very large budget on the proceeds of a comparatively lean business year, at the time when the general elections are causing some political disturbance.

The Political Outlook.—M. Poincaré's recent utterances show that the debate on the budget estimates for next

year is preoccupying him more than anything else. He has undertaken to get the Bills dealing with military reorganization and electoral reform passed before the end of the summer session. None of these measures is likely to come before the Chamber before Easter, and they and the budget estimates will all take time. The programme for the summer session will thus be heavily overcharged, and will probably not be finished with before August. By that time the deputies will already be thinking of their election campaigns, and it will be a hard task to hold the Coalition majority together. A Chamber which is on the point of facing the country does not like to have to vote either for taxation or economies. A patchwork budget, such as that which M. Péret pieced together out of the political squabbles during the early weeks of this year, would do much to weaken confidence in French credit and lead to an extremely difficult position next year.

It is fair to say that the Coalition still shows itself remarkably compact whenever there is a division in the Chamber. But it will inevitably be broken up on the question of Electoral Reform, for the Moderate Republicans, who form the most conservative element in the Coalition, will not vote for *scrutin d'arrondissement*, which the Cabinet has decided to restore as the system for general elections. Their votes will, however, be balanced by those of the Socialists, who have come to the conclusion that *scrutin d'arrondissement* offers them a chance of reconstituting the *Cartel des Gauches* in the next Chamber, and have scrapped their predilections for proportional representation. Hence the Government Bill will have the whole of the Left wing of the Chamber in its favour. The Bill is at present in the Committee stage, and parties are still haggling over the exact number of seats for which it is to provide.

National Defence.—At the beginning of the month the Chamber passed the Bill " for the General Organization of the Nation for War." This is the first of M. Painlevé's four military Bills, by which the whole system of French National Defence is to be recast. It will be followed by the Army Reform Bill, which will be supplemented by two others, dealing respectively with *cadres* and recruiting,

but the one just passed represents the foundation on which the whole scheme is based.

This measure is the most important with which the French Parliament has had to deal for some time, and is certainly one of the most remarkable instruments of nationalization ever drafted. Not only does it place every French citizen, man or woman, at the service of the Government for purposes of national defence, but it empowers the Government to take over everything which it requires for carrying on war, in the shape of materials, factories or services. It lays down the principle that no one is to make profit out of the war. No individual is to receive more than his normal salary, and the price paid for requisitioned materials is not to be more than their actual cost to the producer. Every man is to be earmarked in time of peace for the task which he is best fitted to fulfil in time of war, so that when hostilities begin, there will be no competing for personnel between the different services. The same applies to materials. Among other things the Bill authorizes the Government to provide for the fortification of the frontiers.

Some of these provisions are exceedingly far-reaching in their scope, but they were accepted by the Chamber almost without question, and the Bill was passed after only four days' discussion. The second Bill, "for the General Organization of the Army," will not have such an easy passage, for it has a large body of military opinion against it. Its salient feature is the reduction of the period of military service from eighteen months to a year. In order to make this possible it introduces an entirely new system of training. The old regimental depots, which have served in the past both as training and mobilization centres, will be abolished, and their two rôles will be performed by quite distinct organizations.

The battalions to which the recruits are posted when they are called up will be purely training units, and, in order that the whole of the recruits' time may be devoted to instruction, a special corps of *agents militaires* is to be created to serve as clerks, cooks or orderlies, and perform all the auxiliary duties, with which a great deal of the French soldier's time in barracks is now taken up. Once a recruit is trained, he will be allotted to one of the

mobilization centres, which will have no other duty than that of creating and equipping service formations, as they will be required for war. In order to bring these two organizations into being, M. Painlevé proposes to recruit 36,000 additional voluntarily re-engaged N.C.O.'s and men and 25,000 *agents militaires*.

The Bill has been severely criticized for not making sufficient provision for a frontier-covering force. The recruits are to be called up in three contingents, so that while one-third is beginning its training, another third will be completing it, but in point of fact the only completely trained soldiers in the standing army will be the *cadres* of long-service N.C.O.'s and men, who are to number 106,000. The necessity for a covering force implies, however, the danger of a rapid hostile invasion. With a demilitarized Rhineland and the Reichswehr organized as it is at present this danger cannot be said to have much reality. A much more serious flaw in the scheme is the difficulty of recruiting the additional personnel. More than 70,000 men will be required in all, and, as there is already a shortage of man-power in France, it is hard to say whence these men are to come.

Germany at Geneva

By Christopher Rawson

THE forty-fourth meeting of the Council of the League of Nations would have been of slight interest to the world in general if it had not been presided over by Dr. Stresemann. Its agenda was made up of current League affairs of secondary importance, the settlement of which would have been regarded in the ordinary way as a matter of routine. But, as a compliment to Dr. Stresemann, both Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand decided to represent their Governments in person. The meeting was thus raised to the level of an international conference of first-class importance, destined to be reported by the Press at full length.

This fact served Germany to good purpose, for it gave emphasis and distinction to the part played by her Foreign Minister. Dr. Stresemann made an excellent president. He directed the meetings of the Council with judgment, tact, and a racy sort of *bonhomie*, which was very winning. He possesses a pungent form of wit which he used with good effect now and then to round off a ragged interchange of comments by the other delegates. The ordinary routine of the Council meetings is dull, and the audience was grateful for these sallies. He employed a curious mixture of German and English; he has learned in the last eighteen months to speak English with considerable fluency, though without great sureness of expression—using that language for reading out the items on the agenda and for short interventions in the discussion, but German when he wished to speak at greater length. His German was translated into English by his own interpreter, and then into French by one of the regular interpreters of the Council. This practice came very near to admitting German as the third language of the League, but it was passed over almost without comment.

The most ardent League enthusiast could not have found fault with Dr. Stresemann's regard for the spirit, aims, and methods of the Geneva institution while he was acting as its officer. In his person Germany identified

herself entirely with the work of the League. Not even M. Briand himself could have breathed co-operation, conciliation, and compromise better than he did. He gave his blessing to the financial settlement arrived at between Poland and the Free City of Danzig with a little sermon on the text: "De bons comptes font de bons amis," which might be taken as a model by the lecturers of the League of Nations Union.

Dr. Stresemann was quite as faithful to the principles of the League when it came to their practical application in a case where German interests were at stake. The Governing Commission of the Saar had recommended, as a means of settling the long dispute as to whether or not French troops should remain in the district to guard the lines of communication of the Rhine Army, that an international force of railway police should be created to relieve them of this duty. This proposal came before the Council for ratification. It did not correspond with the wishes of the Saar population, and Dr. Stresemann could argue that they resented it with justice, since the Treaty of Versailles had made no provision for the occupation of the Saar by foreign troops, and the French garrison had only been placed there originally as a provisional measure until a local gendarmerie had been enrolled. But M. Briand took his stand on the Commission's report, and refused to budge.

After stating the German case at full length, Dr. Stresemann gradually yielded to the persuasion of Sir Austen Chamberlain and Signor Scialoja, and accepted the Commission's recommendations in a slightly modified form. It was a *beau geste*, and Germany gained all the more credit for it since the Geneva audience is not accustomed to hearing members of the Council state diametrically opposite views in public and then reconcile them all in the same afternoon. The compromise is usually made in private, and served up to the Council all ready. Dr. Stresemann's graceful surrender at the end of the long argument made a very happy impression. It gave a new sense of reality to the proceedings, and made people feel that the League was really making progress.

Were they wrong? What is one to think of all this?

What is it worth? How does it accord with the exaggerated estimates for the Reichswehr and the manufacture of shells and poison-gas by German experts in Russian factories? It is hard to find an answer to these questions, for the real purpose of a nation is not to be discerned by the action of its Foreign Minister at Geneva any more than by the subterranean work of its secret agents. One thing, however, it is safe to assume. Dr. Stresemann's policy at Geneva was guided by a single aim, that of securing the evacuation of the Rhineland at the earliest possible date. The failure of his Thoiry proposal to buy the French out and the recent stiffening of British public opinion in regard to Germany have taught him that the world does not trust his country very far as yet. It desires to be entirely convinced that Germany wants peace. At Geneva he set about to try and convince it.

It would be a mistake to dismiss this as mere hypocrisy, for Dr. Stresemann's action at Geneva has been accepted and endorsed by his own countrymen. It stands recorded as German policy. The great merit of the meetings at Geneva is the publicity which they impose on the actions and declarations of the delegates who attend them. By professing pacifism and goodwill in so strong a limelight they commit their countries to a moral obligation to sustain the rôle. Viewed from this standpoint, Dr. Stresemann's performance is all to the good.

Several of the French observers came away from this meeting at Geneva rather depressed by their experience. They found Germany being treated with deference and *empressement*, and her influence beginning to penetrate the League. It seemed to them that they could already foresee the day when Germany would capture the organization and direct it in her own interests. All that can be said to that is that the League is a vehicle which it would be hard to drive to the public danger. If Germany wishes to get a firm grip on the steering wheel, she is welcome to do so. She will find plenty of other nations sitting hard on the brakes if she tries to steer her own course. Great Britain and France have each in turn been accused of making the League their own instrument. It will do no harm if Germany too incurs the same impeachment. The more, the better.

Under Three Emperors*

By Rt. Hon. Sir Rennell Rodd, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

THE latest volume of reminiscences published in Germany by Baron Hugo v. Reischach, Lord High Chamberlain to the Emperor William II, which has been carefully translated by Prince Blücher, will appeal to English readers, not least on account of the avowed purpose for which it was written, while it will certainly inspire them with regard for the personality of the author. In his brief preface Baron Reischach does not conceal his disapproval of certain recent memoirs issued in Germany, and he states that the reconsideration of earlier refusals to publish his own was mainly due to a desire—which old friends of his will appreciate as like his chivalrous self—to give a faithful picture of the Empress Frederic, than whom he considers no historical figure has been more misunderstood. His book is dedicated to the memory of that remarkable princess, whom he devotedly served for thirteen years, and there can now be few alive better qualified to carry out the object he conceived in a generous spirit. To have done so must have required some courage, seeing that his appreciation of the Empress Frederic, which the present writer can fully endorse from personal knowledge extending over many years, runs counter to the estimate of her character which had found general acceptance in Germany. His testimony is all the more valuable from the fact that Reischach's own political creed differed in many respects from that of his royal mistress, to whose exceptional qualities and high idealism these differences never blinded him.

While it will be more particularly the chapters dealing with the Emperor and Empress Frederic which will attract English readers, there is much beside worthy of notice in a book which reveals a well-balanced mind, moderate in criticism, and fair in judgment. This is particularly so in the passages referring to our own country, his regard for which the writer does not attempt to conceal. It is remarkable that there is not throughout

* *Under Three Emperors.* By Baron Hugo von Reischach. Translated by Prince Blücher. Constable. 10s. 6d.

a bitter word regarding the antagonists of Germany in the late war, in which the author himself suffered a severe domestic loss. The appearance of such a volume just after the publication of a one-sided and rather prejudicial estimate of the Emperor and Empress Frederic in a recent very able character study is welcome and valuable as a corrective. For Baron Reischach writes with the authority of one who enjoyed intimate intercourse with the princess who gave him her unreserved confidence.

There are passages in the book, such as those referring to the obligations of the duelling code, which may seem strange in the twentieth century to readers in a country where such encounters have long been morally condemned. There are opinions expressed to which our countrymen will be unable to agree, such as the attribution of responsibility for the War to the intrigues of Sazonow, Poincaré and Isvolsky, but they will feel that these represent a belief sincerely held by one who is also convinced, I venture to think as erroneously, that, had King Edward VI lived, he would have prevented the catastrophe. However strenuously the late king might have laboured to prevent it, there are certain forces grim and inevitable which it transcends the power of any individual, be he ever so influential, to arrest. The philosophy of history rather teaches that such shaping of events as can be traced to individual action, however apparently omnipotent at a given time, produces only ephemeral results which pass, leaving the collective agencies, of whose impulsion we are seldom more than dimly conscious, to resume their control of human destiny. Baron Reischach, however, who writes, and not least in his little touches of self-criticism, with an engaging frankness, is successful in making us respect his opinions even when we differ from him.

The Baron, whose earliest years were spent in Frankfort-on-Main, gives a not uninteresting picture of Stuttgart at a time when the Suabians were fighting on the Austrian side in the war of 1866. Only four years later a Prussianized Würtemberg division was contributing to the German victories of 1870, and he himself, after completing his studies at the University of Bonn, entered

the famous regiment of Gardes-du-Corps in the capital of the new Empire. His reminiscences of Berlin in the eighties will perhaps only interest the relatively few of our countrymen who knew the old regime there at its apogee. But his appointment to an office at court in 1885, when he was in his thirty-first year, has enabled him to give a sympathetic portrait of the kindly veteran William I, whose early recollections went back to Blücher's campaigns in the Napoleonic war. He retained to the last the simple, economical habits of his early life, and after a dinner of ceremony would not go on to the opera till he had changed his best trousers for an older pair. In 1887, when the Empress Augusta was seriously ill, the venerable monarch was very nervous and preoccupied, at which Reischach expressed his surprise to General v. Albedyll, inasmuch as he had never understood that the royal couple were on very affectionate terms. The general's reply was characteristic. "If you had been married for fifty years and had quarrelled with your wife every day, would you not feel very unhappy if you thought this habit must come to an end?" Baron Reischach appears to have been present in the death-chamber when the Emperor, mistaking his grandson for his son the Crown Prince Frederic, who could not be there, enjoined him almost with his last breath to nurse and preserve the friendship of Russia.

After the death of William I, the author remained in the service of the doomed Emperor Frederic throughout his brief reign of three months. Of the earlier phases of his fatal illness in 1887, Reischach speaks only very briefly, and as he was not then in attendance, he can only record what he gathered from subsequent discussions. His version of the reasons for the original summons of Sir Morell Mackenzie does not altogether coincide with my own recollections of what took place, inasmuch as he writes that after a decision had been taken to operate on the larynx, the names of an Austrian and of an Englishman were submitted "as the best men to perform the operation," and he contends that an unbiased opinion would conclude that the Crown Princess was right in choosing Mackenzie. A little further on he alludes to Mackenzie as "the English surgeon," a description of

the throat specialist which suggests that here his information must have been at fault. What, being at the British Embassy at that time, I gathered both from the Crown Princess herself and from a statement made by Prince Bismarck to my chief, Sir Edward Malet, was that the German doctors had definitely determined to perform the operation, but that at the last moment it was decided, and the Chancellor claimed some responsibility for that decision, first to call in further expert opinion. Three eminent throat specialists were considered, a Russian, an Austrian and an Englishman. Of these three, the choice fell upon Sir M. Mackenzie, who was telegraphically summoned to Berlin with the result that the decision to operate was revoked. The question of the initial responsibility for the summoning of Mackenzie, whose authority as a specialist was universally recognized, would be of little importance if the choice of an English doctor had not been made the basis of incredible charges against a most devoted wife who was only concerned to preserve her husband's life. The disease eventually proved, on Mackenzie's own admission, to be cancer, and the only conclusion to be derived from the history of the case is either that, as he affirmed, it assumed a malignant character later, or that the German doctors were right from the first and that his diagnosis was mistaken. What is important, however, in these memoirs is Reischach's testimony, derived from many conversations with the Empress in later years, to her conviction in 1887 that the disease from which her husband was suffering was not malignant. He refers to the opinion then prevailing in Germany that in her anxiety lest the operation might have fatal consequences she opposed it from merely personal motives, hoping thus to preserve the Crown Prince until he might succeed and she might share the throne herself. To anyone who knew the Empress such a presumption must seem too monstrous to be even worthy of refutation, and yet it undoubtedly found general acceptance in Germany. Baron Reischach deals with it thus. The Crown Princess, as she then was, had a sufficient knowledge of medicine to be perfectly aware that if the Crown Prince was really suffering from cancer of the larynx, he must in any case have succumbed very

rapidly to the disease, and there was at that time no reason to anticipate that the old Emperor might not survive a good many years longer: his medical advisers were in fact disposed to believe that he would do so.

Her former chamberlain bears witness to the profound culture, the unerring memory, the wide spirit of tolerance and the personal charm of this singularly gifted princess. But what is particularly interesting is his testimony to her real love for Germany. He has wondered whether she was ever appreciated at her full value in the country of her origin which she left so young, but for which she had an almost passionate affection. Her admiration, however, for its institutions and its civilization never prevented her from doing justice to Germany, which a wise father had taught her to understand. If she was English in Germany, she was always German in England. The fact was that with her singularly open mind she had also a spirit of contradiction and enjoyed raising a controversy. Her nature was far from being simple. She was often secretive and not worldly wise, and she had great personal courage. He rightly judges her to have suffered from an unconquerable shyness, and this also often caused her to be misunderstood. He concludes his summary of her character as it appeared to him by affirming that "No one who came into close contact with her could fail to love her," and he expresses the belief that "It would not have been a misfortune for Germany if the Emperor Frederic had reigned longer." This would have brought about a greater feeling of friendship for England, a consummation which he had always desired since he "learnt to know that country in all its greatness." He regrets that his efforts to bring about an understanding between mother and son, from whose collaboration much good might have resulted, proved ineffectual. Too many counter-currents were at work in the opposite direction.

A letter written from Greece to Baron v. Reischach by the Empress in 1893, which is published in full, and which even in translation shows her exceptional gift of clear exposition, merits careful study, not as an *apologia*, but on account of the sound political judgment which it reveals. It is far too long to be quoted in its entirety, but one or two passages may be selected in which she

indicates what she held to be the weaknesses of the Bismarckian regime. She points out that while the historical development of Germany had fostered great qualities in the nation, it had tended to cripple others. Judgment, repose and political aptitude had been lacking, and the individual without independence of political thought had become over-susceptible to doctrine. Socialistic ideas thus found a ready field. "True and sensible freedom worthy of mankind which makes human beings conservative in a good sense has never been nursed or taught." To teach men to think independently and to realize where the true interests and duties of the individual lay did not suit the political machine, which prided itself on creating rapidly conditions which from their nature should have been prepared slowly and from above and left to mature spontaneously. She protests against being thought unfair to Bismarck. He gave what he had to give. But the fact that he was what he was entailed disadvantages concomitant with his brilliant success. She continued:

> I cannot help thinking that the Emperor Frederic's noble, straight, and unselfish nature would gradually, by systematic and cautious opposition and purposeful and well-thought-out counteraction, have corrected these disadvantages, which he, as a tactful and quiet observer, had had ample time to recognize. I feel convinced that he would thus have finished and complemented Bismarck's great work. . . . Now that he is lying in his grave, things will have to go their course and pass through difficult stages. Wisdom and experience may have to be bought dearly. . . . Germany has too many good brains and true hearts at its disposal, not to be able to work out its own salvation dispassionately and wisely. . . . But, in my opinion, this phase which we have now to pass through might have been spared the nation.

Farther on she characterizes Bismarck as a great opportunist, a master in creating situations. His perception was rapid and the means he employed were clever; his courage was great, but his example was bad for the training of others. She and her husband were regarded by him as inconvenient instruments, and the way in which his party sought to render them innocuous has, she writes, become matter of history. The party which had deliberately alienated her son's soul from her no doubt believed itself to be acting patriotically. It

had the power; "whereas I have none, and I will most likely go down to my grave unknown, alien and misunderstood." But men are perishable while ideas live. The Emperor Frederic's hopes and what he worked for may some day be realized. There is an immense pathos in this self-revealing letter, and not least in its closing sentences, which should be read only in their place. Baron Reischach has done well in giving it to the world, and after reading it one would wish that in justice to her memory a selection of the letters of this broad-minded and gifted princess might be published.

A certain glamour of fascination exercised in former years by the ex-Emperor's mercurial personality was perhaps responsible for a slight tendency to criticize the Empress-mother even in the country of her origin. Documents such as this letter, and another one written in 1897, reproduced some pages farther on, in which she foretells unerringly the inevitable results of the policy then being pursued in Berlin, would be valuable as a corrective, and might today even in Germany lead to the revision of certain judgments which a recent book, already referred to, has done something to stereotype, since the author in his evident desire to exalt the great chancellor has gone very far in belittling the Emperor and Empress Frederic. She had no doubt some of the defects of her remarkable qualities. Her most sincere friends were conscious of her inability to subordinate what she believed to be right to what so brilliant a mind should have realized was opportune; they were aware of a curious mixture in her nature of frankness and secretiveness. But they also knew that if she made mistakes, they were largely the result of an impulsive and ardent desire to help the world around her. If she was ambitious it was with the ambition of a noble mind. Those who knew and loved the princess, whose high ideals were so tragically disappointed, must acknowledge their debt to Baron Reischach. He has had the courage to become the champion of one with whom he often disagreed but of whose purity and nobility of motive he was never for a moment in doubt.

In the latter pages of his book there are other passages which will be read with no little interest by our countrymen. On political issues he speaks as a rule with a

judicious discretion as of matters outside his province. But writing as a patriotic German, he does not refrain from keenly criticizing the administration of Prince Bülow, who in his foreign policy rejected so many opportunities for conciliation, undermined the confidence of other countries and ended by isolating his own. He deplores the attitude of Germany during the Boer War, and the Chancellor's rebuff to Chamberlain's advances. He traces the inspiration of these manifestations to a man who suffered from persecution-mania, to the sinister influence of Holstein, who lived many years in constant dread that Bismarck might return. Of the late King Edward, of his kindness and his sound judgments, he has much to say, and he speaks of His Majesty with a regard and admiration which are manifestly sincere. Of the court of the Emperor William II, where he first filled the post of Master of the Horse and subsequently of Lord High Chamberlain, a post which he accepted with reluctance, he writes with a discretion and reserve which command respect. Of the conditions prevailing during the War, in which he had the misfortune to lose his eldest son, he says comparatively little. But there is a dramatic picture of an unanticipated encounter on January 9, 1917, with the Chancellor Herr von Bethmann, whom he found in a state of utter collapse. "Have we," he asked him, "lost a battle?" The Chancellor replied: "No, but this is the end of Germany. We have just had a Cabinet meeting. I spoke for an hour against the recrudescence of the U-boat war, for it is bound to bring about the intervention of America. We shall not be able to stand it. . . . I cannot but express my most emphatic warning against the Council's decision." Reischach told him if he held that opinion it was his duty to resign, but Bethmann insisted that he could not risk dissension in the nation when Germany was about to play her last trump card. From that moment he admits that he abandoned all hope of ultimate victory.

Enough has, I think, been said to justify the opinion expressed at the beginning of this article, that "Under Three Emperors" will for many reasons be read in England with great interest and with a growing regard for the author.

Imperial Air Communications

Only One Route Possible

By Lieutenant-Colonel W. Lockwood Marsh

SINCE his return from India, Sir Samuel Hoare has on more than one occasion said that the next step is to connect up the present terminus of the first Imperial air route, Egypt, with England. This is a stage of such importance that it would obviously have been the first to be opened but for the inherent difficulties. But at the same time it is doubtful if its importance has in the past been fully realized or is even now appreciated.

The route to and from India hitherto followed has been either *via* Italy and the Mediterranean to Egypt, or through Greece and Asia Minor straight to Iraq. It is interesting to find, further, that the only Government committee which has seriously considered the subject, the "Civil Aviation Advisory Board" of 1922, dealt with two quite different, but also trans-European, routes. The first, which was on the whole favoured as being the shortest, was across Europe to Constantinople, and thence to Baghdad; the alternative being to run a service in connection with a proposed French seaplane service—which has not yet come into being—between Marseilles and Alexandretta in Asia Minor. In view of these conclusions it is rather surprising to find the Board's report entitled "First Report on *Imperial* Air Services" [the italics being mine]. I find the same difficulty in understanding the justification for the use of this adjective in the Memorandum, subsequently published, which the Secretary of State for Air laid before the Imperial Conference last year. Though not considering in detail the stage from England to Egypt, it refers to "the international difficulties" of running a service through Europe —a similar objection to that which had already occurred to the Civil Aviation Advisory Board in recommending the inauguration of the London–Constantinople route, "when the conditions in Turkey in Asia make it possible."

But the lesson to be learnt from the mere presence of these difficulties—even though temporary—does not seem to have occurred to anyone. It has always seemed

to me an absolute contradiction in terms to speak of any route as "Imperial" which runs for the first 2,000 miles or so of its course through foreign countries—one might as well regard the overland route to Egypt *via* Marseilles as "Imperial." It is not merely a question of whether we are at present, or are likely to remain, on good terms with the foreign Governments concerned. It is a much wider question than that. If services along any one of these four routes—it matters not which—be established, it means that we are dependent for the first, and in some ways most important, stage of our Imperial air communications upon the continued existence of circumstances over which we have no control whatever. One route—that to Constantinople—passes through the Balkans, which have within our own lives been disturbed by at least three wars; while the politically easiest—*via* Marseilles—would depend absolutely upon the goodwill, and ability to maintain existing conditions, of a foreign Power. I am not referring necessarily to the possibility of a breach in the friendly relations existing between ourselves and France, or any of the seven or eight European countries which some of the other suggested routes would necessarily pass through—for over those relations we have, at any rate, some control—nor am I considering merely the capacities of the various Governments concerned for maintaining a state of law and order within their own territories; though anyone who was in touch with informed French opinion at the time of the "crisis" in the franc last summer will know how near even the most apparently stable country can on occasion come to a condition of grave unsettlement. It is the effects of an outbreak of war that must be considered, and there is an aspect of this possibility that seems frequently lost sight of. If any of the proposed trans-European routes were to be adopted, it is not merely the consequences of a war in which we might be participants that must be guarded against.

The result on the service would be the same if any one of the countries through which the route passed were to be involved in a war in which we were not concerned. It is inconceivable that under such circumstances any belligerent country could allow a neutral to continue

running a commercial air route through its territories. All civil aerodromes would inevitably be taken over by the Government concerned as one of its first acts of mobilization, and no commercial aeroplanes of foreign, even though neutral, nationality would be allowed to land on them. The belligerent Government would, furthermore, be compelled to prohibit the passage over its territory of neutral commercial aircraft—as an elementary precaution against the possibilities of espionage—even though they were capable of crossing the whole country in an unbroken flight without having to come down and land for refuelling purposes. In this connection the following provisions of the International Air Convention, to which most of the leading Powers have now adhered, are relevant:

Article 1. The contracting States recognize that every State has complete and exclusive sovereignty in the air space above its territory and territorial waters.

Article 2. Each contracting State undertakes *in time of peace* to accord freedom of innocent passage above its territory and territorial waters. [The italics are mine.]

Article 39. In case of war, the provisions of the present Convention do not affect the freedom of action of the contracting States either as belligerents or as neutrals.

From this it will be seen that it is within the powers not only of a belligerent country to prohibit the passage of neutral aircraft above its territory, but for a neutral country to take the same action in regard to the passage of commercial aircraft belonging to nationals of a belligerent country. This means that, were we to go to war with a country the other side of the world, our commercial Imperial air routes would be liable to interruption if any of the neutral countries over which they passed chose to take the action, which would certainly be demanded from them by our enemies, of prohibiting the passage of our aircraft over their territory.

In view of these possibilities, it seems to be nothing short of madness for us to lay down the first stage of our Imperial air routes across Europe, or any European country. This applies with equal force whether the proposed service be by aeroplane with frequent landings

on foreign territory, or by long-distance airships capable of, for instance, non-stop flights to Egypt across France.

What, then, is the alternative? There is only one way out of the *impasse*, and that is to follow a sea route to the nearest of our overseas possessions, Gibraltar, which is distant 1,050 miles from Plymouth. Unfortunately, for airship purposes, Gibraltar is probably out of the question, owing to the lack of sufficient level ground for a station, even if only equipped with a mooring mast, unless it be found possible to erect such a mast in the harbour. There seems, on the other hand, ample room for a commercial seaplane station in Gibraltar harbour. The next section, to Malta—where the same difficulties exist for airships as at Gibraltar—is 980 miles, whence the final section to Alexandria measures 820. It will thus be seen that for seaplanes the stage between England and Egypt divides itself automatically into three sections, the longest of which would involve a non-stop flight of 1,050 miles. There is no commercial seaplane in existence at present capable of covering this distance with a complement of passengers. But there does not seem to be any inherent impossibility in designing such a machine, particularly when one remembers that in September, 1925, an American "P.N.9" seaplane —though carrying nothing but petrol and her crew— covered some 1,800 miles of the distance from the American coast to Honolulu before having to come down on the sea owing to lack of fuel. But, unless this first stage from England to Egypt can be covered by the oversea route *via* the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, either by airship or seaplane, it is quite a misnomer to speak of it as forming part of an "Imperial" air route— quite apart from the fact that any commercial air routes laid out are intended to be so located as to have a strategic value in time of war.

It may be argued that such a route would be either technically impracticable or commercially uneconomic. In that case I suggest that the sooner the fact is ascertained and the position faced, that the first link in our chain of so-called "Imperial" air routes is necessarily dependent upon the goodwill of other nations, the better. In the meantime, the matter should be carefully considered from both commercial and technical aspects.

Tangier

By "Fulana"

ONCE again the troubles of Tangier are forcing themselves upon the attention of the public, and people can hardly be blamed if they wonder how it comes about that what appear to be purely administrative difficulties in the "International" zone of Morocco should give rise to political discussions of such importance.

To understand the situation, some knowledge of the past is necessary. Early in the last century, before the establishment of the protectorates of France and Spain, the diplomatic representatives of European countries had secured from the Sultan certain vague powers to superintend the municipal administration, and a semi-separate control under them grew up alongside that exercised by the Moorish Government's representatives. The Act of Algeciras legalized most of this and tried to establish diplomatic control over the whole of Morocco.

When the Protectorate Treaties were signed in 1912, France and Spain took over control in their respective zones, and in practice, if not in theory, the administrative functions of the diplomatic body were more and more restricted to the Tangier zone, which had been expressly excluded from the protectorates of France and Spain. The native officials, however, with whom the diplomats had to co-operate, were still appointed by the Sultan; but he was now a French protégé, and they became, in fact, only tools of the French. Making full—and often abusive—use of this advantage, France tried to get the control of Tangier into her own hands, advancing the argument that the Sultan was Sovereign over the whole of his Empire, of which Tangier always was and had remained an integral part. England, Spain, and other Powers contended that the eventual internationalization of Tangier had always been agreed, and that the rule of the Sultan, now bereft of all independent power, was the very opposite of the "International regime" for the establishment of which they had stipulated after the signature of the Protectorate Treaties.

From 1912 to 1923 this diplomatic wrangle continued, while in Tangier itself the most ordinary work of administration was impeded by the jealous attitude of France and

Spain, whose local representatives were engaged in an unedifying attempt to manœuvre for position. Certain Powers did not scruple to use for political ends the Consular Courts which their capitulatory rights entitled them to maintain; the few taxes imposed often did not arrive in full, either at the local Moorish Treasury, or the treasuries of the various bodies concerned in the administration; the sums voted for expenditure on such necessary works as the repair of roads, street lighting, scavengering, etc., did not reach without considerable leakage the work for which they were intended, and therefore did not effect such improvement as they should have done. There was considerable friction, and national jealousy had ample scope for obstructing any project because for some reason or another it was unacceptable, or because France and Spain were each bent on fortifying their own position and had little thought for local interests.

There was indeed room for improvement. When talk of a " Tangier Conference " was first whispered, and then shouted on every housetop, many looked for an immediate transformation from an admittedly faulty system into one combining all the advantages and blessings each man thought most desirable. Some optimists seemed to imagine themselves going to sleep one evening under the old, inefficient regime, and waking up next morning under a reformed Tangier, where all would realize their several ideas of perfection !

In 1923 the Tangier Conference was held. France, Spain, and Great Britain, the countries most concerned, sent representatives who toiled to draw up a statute as nearly workable as possible. Throughout the deliberations, the traditional British policy of internationalization of Tangier was insisted upon and admitted by the other two Powers. In this respect the views of the Committee of Imperial Defence agreed with those held in the days of Sir John Drummond Hay, and the safety and prosperity of the English colony demanded it. It was held that any alternative would endanger the freedom of the Straits of Gibraltar, either through the establishment of a strong Power whose presence at Tangier would be undesirable in the event of war, or through the control of a weak Power unable to maintain the desired neutrality. It is true that Tangier is not situated on the narrowest

part of the Straits, but it is only about 38 miles from Gibraltar; and if the Suez Canal is the front door of the Empire, the Straits of Gibraltar are the front gate. On questions of Imperial strategy such as this, laymen of all parties can only accept the views of the Committee of Imperial Defence as the supreme authority to be followed. From all points of view it was considered desirable to establish a strictly international zone of influence in order to provide against awkward complications, unseen at the moment, which might quite conceivably arise if the relations between the interested nations at any time became strained. The local European and Jewish communities had long been chafing under the stagnation due to the lack of any properly constituted or organized administration, and were loud in their demands that local affairs should be settled on the spot by those conversant with local conditions instead of being the sport of European chancelleries. The British community, whose solid and permanent interests in Tangier had long suffered from the rivalries of France and Spain, also saw in the establishment of a rational administration on international lines their one hope of sharing fairly in the development which everyone anticipated with the completion of the railway to Fez and the building of the port.

The result of the Conference was the Tangier Convention. Because of the conflicting claims and aspirations of the signatory Powers, it was of necessity a compromise. By its provisions the Convention gives the Assembly of the zone extensive legislative and administrative powers; the laws they pass merely have to be "visé" by the Committee of Control—composed of the Consuls-General of the signatory Powers—to ensure that nothing is enacted contrary to the provisions of the Convention.

The first appointments to the three chief posts in the administration were to be made by the signatory Powers, France nominating the Chief Administrator, Spain the Director of Hygiene, and England the Director of Finance. But it was expressly laid down that the officials should have no independent power, and only act under the orders of the Assembly. Their salaries were fixed in Moroccan paper francs at what appear, to English ideas, absurdly low figures. The control of

native affairs was vested in a representative of the Sultan, styled "The Mendoub," assisted by a staff chosen by the authorities of the French zone of Morocco. Conspiracy against order in the French and Spanish zones was prohibited, and the Mendoub was given power to expel any person at the request of the Consul-General of the interested Powers, after proper inquiry. The rights and obligations formerly belonging to the Shereefian Government under the Port concession were transferred to the Tangier zone, and a Port Commission formed on which the Assembly is represented. The formation of a gendarmerie and a municipal police force to ensure the security of the zone was ordered. The signatory and adherent Powers abandoned their extra-territorial jurisdiction in favour of a mixed court composed of English, French, and Spanish judges.

In 1925 the first meeting of the Assembly was held under the presidency of the Mendoub, the Sultan's representative. The result was not Utopian. No one, of whatever nationality, thought the Statute perfect. While a few made an honest endeavour to make it a success, some unmercifully picked holes in it, and did their best to prevent any harmonious co-operation.

The weaknesses of the new body were soon apparent. The Assembly had large powers, but complete lack of experience and very varying conceptions of the theory of administration. No nation has a system of local government quite like England. The examples of the French "préfet," the Spanish "alcade," or the present military government of Spain were of no help in forming the ideas of the representatives of those countries. Those members of the Assembly who had some experience of administration were continually maddened by the ignorance or irremediably nationalistic bias of some of their fellow-members, and found every decision, whether it were the giving of an order for some work on a large scale or merely the appointment of a junior clerk in one of the offices, made into a national question.

The management of native affairs was nominally in the hands of the Mendoub. For this post an excellent candidate had been found by the French authorities in the person of Bou Asherine, an enlightened Moorish notable from Fez, who combined with the charm of

his race an unquestioned honesty and uprightness of character all too rare in Morocco today. Unfortunately all real power was arrogated by his French "Counsellor," a subordinate official appointed by the French authorities at Rabat, and the result left much to be desired. A change of personnel in this branch of the administration has no doubt resulted in great improvement. But the petty oppression and injustices of the earlier days caused very deep resentment among the Moors which only a long period of sound and impartial administration will efface. For the shortcomings of the officials in charge of native affairs the Assembly, which had absolutely no power in such matters, was often very unfairly criticized.

Another weakness of which the effects soon appeared concerned the recruitment of the staff of the Administration. The English principle of paying adequate salaries and securing good men and efficient service was not accepted by other Powers; and though allowances have since been voted by the Assembly to compensate for the fall in the franc and the consequent rise in the cost of living, the salaries paid are still low according to English standards. The gendarmerie provided for in the Convention has not yet been constituted, and the police "Tabors," officered by France and Spain under the Algeciras Act, continue to exist. The municipal police force was at one time the subject of grave allegations, but evidence in support of many of the complaints made was not forthcoming at an inquiry held after a lapse of several months. The resignation of the official chiefly implicated has no doubt removed to a large extent the cause for complaint against this somewhat hastily organized body. Italy and the United States stand aloof, neither giving what help they might, nor allowing their nationals to be subject to the local laws and jurisdiction. The financial outlook is not bright under present conditions. In spite of the good work of Mr. Dicken, the English financial administrator, which is recognized and appreciated by all, the reserves set aside at the end of the first year's working have depreciated with the fall in the value of the French franc, which relatively affects the Moroccan franc, established—perhaps unwisely—as the official currency in Tangier. Trade has been crippled and very great poverty exists. A customs

barrier established all round the international enclave by the authorities of the Spanish zone also caused great loss of trade. This has now been removed, but at a cost of 25 per cent. of the customs receipts of Tangier—a price it could hardly afford.

It will thus be seen that the task of the Assembly would not have been easy, even were its members all experienced in administration and all animated by a sincere desire to make the international regime a success. Unfortunately they fail in both ways. It is true that they were designated by the different Consuls-General, and not elected by popular vote; but few who know Tangier would seriously maintain that it is fit for full representative government, and selection by a Consul-General who is outside the petty intrigues of his colony, but who has means of ascertaining its views, is probably the means of avoiding greater evils. The composition of the present Assembly may leave something to be desired, but it has, nevertheless, done a certain amount of good work.

The attitude of the members of the different nationalities is not generally helpful. The Spaniards throughout have adopted a purely obstructive policy. At first their intolerable verbosity and failure to conform to ordinary methods of procedure were attributed to ignorance and unfamiliarity with the working of business-like representative bodies. But in view of the Spanish Government's attempt to throttle the international zone by means of the customs barrier, it becomes pretty clear that a settled policy has been followed of making the international regime appear unworkable. Such a failure would supply an argument in support of the astonishing demand recently advanced by Spain for complete control of the zone, or at any rate for a "preponderating position" in its government. It seems that this demand has been refused, but she is now talking about " compensation." What for, is not at all apparent to those who have followed the course of events. Owing perhaps to the failure of Spaniards of the best class to come forward in any number to qualify for administrative posts in Morocco, Spain has proved herself anything but successful in managing natives, and her conduct of the North African war has not been such as to warrant her demand

for greater responsibility. She talks about Tangier being a hotbed of intrigue against her authority in the neighbouring zone, but by the Statute she already has power to demand the expulsion of anyone found guilty of plotting against her. It is urged in some quarters that control of the gendarmerie of the international zone should be given to Spain, but this can only be done at the cost of robbing Tangier of her most precious asset, the inviolability she enjoys as the neutral market town of the neighbouring tribes, however bitterly the latter may be fighting their Spanish "protectors" a few miles away in the neighbouring Spanish zone. If once Spanish officers were seen to be in control of the Tangier gendarmerie, the neighbouring tribes would cease to regard Tangier as inviolable, and they would not hesitate to carry into the international zone the guerilla warfare they continually wage—at times with astonishing success—against the Spanish Protectorate forces.

The attitude of the French members of the Assembly has been scarcely more helpful than that of the Spaniards. They are imbued with the Frenchman's usual mistrust of all officials, which prevents their discussing with open minds any proposal coming from the officials of the administration. "Hispanophobia," which used to be rampant among the French in Tangier, became rather less acute on the signature of the Convention, and many members of the French colony were prepared to co-operate with the Spaniards for the common good. The pretensions recently advanced by Spain have naturally caused a recrudescence of the distrust which the Convention bid fair to allay. The French members also appear to fear loss of personal popularity if they should in open session speak or vote in opposition to the known or supposed wishes of any section of their fellow-countrymen not in the Assembly. Though representing some 60,000–75,000 of the 100,000 inhabitants of the zone, the Moorish members unfortunately do not fill an important place in the deliberations. They lack knowledge of procedure, and, owing to their ignorance of French and Spanish, the languages used in debate, everything has to be interpreted to them. They are nominated by the French, who therefore entirely control their vote. This practically leaves only the Jewish members, the British,

and the representatives of smaller Powers who do in fact vote and speak openly and without ulterior motive or unseen propulsion.

The Statute obviously needs amendment. This is almost the only point on which all are agreed. Most important of all is the need for a change of heart on the part of the signatory Powers, who must somehow be brought to realize that an international regime has got to be made to work, and that, as there can never be any question of the predominance of France or Spain, both must combine with Great Britain to make it a success. All three Governments must be prepared, in order to achieve this end, to take a sympathetic and practical interest in the experiment they have launched.

If they would all three extend a helping hand—and none more so than the British Government—much might be achieved in a short space of time. The reforms which appear to be obvious and urgent include the raising of the salaries of the officials to a scale in sterling or gold which would attract and keep the best men for the jobs, and assistance for the police by the loan of experienced men. If the police of Gibraltar, together with the Guardia Civile of Spain, the Italian Carabiniere, and the French police each lent half a dozen of their best men for these appointments, over well-paid natives, the force would rise from its present state of an underpaid, untrained, undisciplined collection of riff-raff to a self-respecting body of men capable of performing the duties for which it was intended. It might even be expanded so as to take over the functions of the "gendarmerie" with consequent administrative economy. It is true that this might cost the British taxpayer £5,000 or £10,000 a year, but if it helped to dispose once for all of the Tangier problem the benefit gained would be cheap at the price. A gold standard should be introduced; possibly the basis of the Spanish peseta would be the most satisfactory and would please Spain, at the same time assuring a measure of financial stability at present unknown. Reform of the control of native affairs is one of the most urgent improvements and, if satisfactorily arranged, would make an immense difference to the contentment and prosperity of the people who after all are the natural inhabitants of Tangier. Experience had to be bought, and has now shown various directions in which

amendments can be made. If the adherence of Italy and the United States were secured and their co-operation assured, present conditions would very soon be bettered.

In spite of its many difficulties and disadvantages the new administration has already done much. To one returning to Tangier after an absence of several years, during which the Statute came into force and the Assembly into being, there are many visible signs of improvement—some small, some only beginning, and many probably quite unseen by those who have toiled and struggled on the spot all the time. There is above all a feeling of life, of being awake, of moving, which was entirely absent in the old days; and even the ceaseless flow of criticism, good-natured and malicious, in season and out, levelled at the Assembly and the administration in general, is a sure sign of vitality.

All who are interested in Tangier hope that better days are in store for her. She is a struggling child, organically sound, but with slight functional defects, which, with sympathetic treatment, nourishment, patience and, above all, unanimity of intention among the nurses, can be made to live and flourish. But first and foremost a complete stop must be put to any idea of using Tangier as a pawn in a game, of offering her to one nation or another.

At the present moment, France is discussing with Spain the demand of the latter that Tangier should either be incorporated in the Spanish zone, or the Tangier Convention be so amended as to give her complete control of the administration of the international zone. Great Britain, in spite of her great strategic and commercial interests, stands aloof, awaiting the results of these preliminary discussions, which must—if agreement be reached—be followed by a conference of all the Powers who signed the Algeciras Act.

So far as can be judged from the meagre reports in the Press, the probability of agreement is extremely remote. To the Spanish demand for control, France has replied with obvious justice that Spain has already put her hand to a convention setting up an international regime, and must stand to her bond; and that though any modification in the administration experience has shown to be necessary may well be considered, any change in the international character of the zone is out of the question. The response evoked from Spain has been

twofold. First, she has submitted to France "revised proposals" which are said to be in effect identical with her original claims, and, secondly, General Primo de Rivera has publicly announced that, unless her demands are conceded, Spain will resort to other measures, which presumably include a boycott of the Tangier zone, the withdrawal of Spanish officials from its administration, and possibly the complete evacuation of the Spanish zone of Morocco. In other words, Spain is prepared to cut off her nose to spite her face.

It would be well not to overestimate the force of these threats. The withdrawal of Spanish officials from the administration would not necessarily be an unmitigated disaster. It would certainly facilitate the grant to Italy of the share in it she has long sought, and open the way to the introduction of officials of English and other nationalities who are really anxious to make the international regime a success. Should Spain aggravate her present policy of obstruction to the extent of enforcing a boycott of Tangier, she would hardly be likely to find Great Britain and France unprepared to retaliate in some other quarters where she is exposed to pressure. It is even more unlikely that General Primo de Rivera will find himself in a position to abandon such capital as his fellow-countrymen have invested in Morocco, and repatriate the large number of officers at present serving on augmented scales of pay in the Spanish zone. Though it might be foolish to assume that the present Government of Spain in a moment of pique would be incapable of acting in a manner which would inflict far greater injury on its nationals than on anyone else, it would be far more foolish to allow British policy to be in any way affected by what may be only an empty threat.

It is to be hoped that the views of the British Government will remain unchanged, and that, in face of this attempt by Spain to extract a release from her treaty obligations, they will not swerve from the course dictated alike by the interests of their nationals in Tangier and the necessities of Imperial strategy. Modifications in the administrative machinery indicated by the experience of the last two years' working of the "Statute of Tangier" can well be discussed and introduced. But these must not be of a nature to destroy the completely international status of the zone.

The Boxer Plan and China's Troubles

By Arthur A. Young (Chinese)

I ADMIRE America's push—her giant skyscrapers, her superhuman machines, her Gibraltar-like institutions. The thrill I had when I landed in America five years ago! Before, I had been cynical about her reputation, but here were realities under my very nose that paralysed my senses. I knew why the young East flocked to this country. They wanted to see how the new West organized a life of such unprecedented comfort, luxury, and display.

Of course, I took everything for granted. I swallowed the whole material show, hook, line, and sinker. I never stopped to think of the ulterior motives of such energy. I voted America as the greatest show-place on earth. I never doubted her methods, efficiency, or plans. Everything she did seemed to turn out just right.

Now America has lost my faith in her infallible efficiency. She has taught me to be critical, and I now level my critical weapons upon her. I find her not superior to any other country.

Take, for example, her technique in invading the markets of the Far East. When she discovered that she was late in the field, and that the ripe Chinese melon was already sliced and divided by the bad boys of Europe, she yelled to her leader for help.

"All right, boys, I'll be with you," he replied, and the slogan, "The Open Door Policy for China," was born and shouted to the four corners of the earth. That for Yankee co-operation!

The ruse did not work with the bad boys of Europe, who were as clever as the Yankees in recognizing claptrap and hypocrisy. But the Chinese millions fell for it.

"Ah!" they sighed. "We have found a friend at last."

Trade jumped, but not at the rate to which glittering America was accustomed. She had risen almost overnight like a mushroom city to be a nation of wealth and luxury. She expected the same Midas-like increase to anything she touched. That does not happen in China.

Business engineers nodded their heads. They held conclaves, thrashed out the question at Rotary Club meetings, called in foreign experts. It was evident that America would not be downed, for she guarded zealously the superiority feeling that lifted her to the topmost rung in the commercial world.

Some publicity genius suggested: "Give the Chinese soft soap!" The idea was readily accepted by sales managers, bank presidents, and export houses who judged from experience that it would work. They felt that palaver was the most effective way to "kid" the Chinese. The idea was handed on a silver platter to that prince of American propagandists, Theodore Roosevelt, and soon after the world heard of America's return of a part of her Boxer Indemnity Fund. All is returned today.

I have yet to hear of a subtler example of economic diplomacy than this American creation. It presented a pleasing face on both sides. When the Americans looked, they saw behind the veil of years a horn of plenty oozing forth a stream of golden Oriental dollars. When the Chinese looked, they saw an army of Western trained men, manning factories and directing offices that laced and interlaced the Four Walls of China.

The idea appeared good and sounded good, but it went "cuckoo" because of poor American efficiency. Since 1911 thousands of Chinese students have poured into the educational mills of America to be ground, shaped, and Westernized for distribution in China. Thousands of these men have returned home, but I fail to see any of these visions realized.

Where are the factories manned by returned students? You can almost count the businesses headed by returned men on your fingers. Is America reaping its horn of plenty as was visioned when the Boxer plan was first hatched?

On the contrary, what is heard nowadays is bitter complaint about the ingratitude of the returned student.

If you listen any day over the wires from China, you will hear what he is drumming up; it is not American trade. He was expected to return home filled with admiration for American institutions and to become a big booster of American products, but he is now relentlessly engaged in attacking foreign exploitation.

I place the blame on the Americans who conceived the Boxer plan and failed, in spite of their reputation for efficiency, to see it through to perfection. They underestimated the critical ability of the Chinese students who saw America's weakness as well as her strength, and learned too well that each country was conscious of its rights, right or wrong.

The Chinese ports are today overrun with parlour engineers. They are the majority of the 2,500 Chinese students who invaded American universities every year to study engineering and learn business, and have now returned home without jobs. They came to master America's industrial tricks—how she managed banks, ran railroads, built bridges, constructed tunnels, advertised goods, indexed customers, and looseleafed ledgers. They are now leading movements.

The classrooms puffed them with theory and rammed them with facts. They ate it all, missing the main essential of industrial life today, experience. When they returned home they were eager to work, and, given work, they proved dismal failures. No business, even in infant China, could thrive on mere book knowledge.

Travellers from China tell me of the delightful Chinese talkers they encountered in the treaty ports. Chinese classmates recently from home speak of the disappointment of friends who studied abroad. They are teeming with ideas, my informants say, but are hopelessly incapable of translating them into realities.

America's Boxer plan gone astray! Why had not the god of American business supervised the plan to completion? Why did he not give the students who came to his country under his ingenious patronage a chance to see the wheels of American industry in motion, and to observe their workings behind offices, factories, and counters?

This little detail has swamped the whole undertaking,

which no doubt has cost America lots of money. That is why I say that I have lost faith in America's efficiency.

The result is that the parlour engineers of China, by the fate of circumstance, have fallen an easy prey to agitators and turned against the nations that sponsored them. Denied the opportunity to gain practical experience in America, they spent their leisure hours observing the might and power of organized labour. They frequented radical groups, read Bolshevik literature, and mixed with the "intellectuals," common on every campus.

Now that they are back home they find a growing element of factory labour, unorganized, inarticulate, and underpaid. It presents a field for their patriotism at a time when they are about to "lose face." They seize it with the enthusiasm that should have been poured into engineering and production work, had they been given the chance to cap their theoretical knowledge with practical experience.

They come against the opposition of factory owners, most of whom are foreigners. The net results are strikes, parades, movements, of which the papers have been flooded for the past few months.

Working Hours at Home and Abroad

That Washington Convention

By E. T. Good

THE Government is criticized for not ratifying what is called the Washington Hours of Labour Convention, and a fierce and very false agitation has been raised in the country about their attitude. Mr. Tom Shaw, a Labour leader who has been a Cabinet Minister, has asserted that, whilst other nations have made progress in reducing working hours, "we have done nothing," and Conservatives have contended in the House of Commons that we ought to ratify the Convention in order to set a good example to other nations. What are the facts?

We have consistently worked shorter shifts than competitive nations, and to that extent have set a good example. If we ratified or adopted the Convention, the biggest of industrial countries, the United States, would not; we have no guarantee that Continental nations would follow our example; we know that some of them would not; and we have every reason to believe that others would interpret and operate the forty-eight-hour week in ways which are not British. Again, it needs to be observed that it is not the number of hours worked, but the actual work done in the days or shifts that counts. Cost of production, or selling price, is more important in the competition than the length of the working day. The proposed universal forty-eight-hour week, even if attainable, would do little or nothing to equalize international competitive conditions. It would not make American engineers adopt the British "one man one machine" slogan and reduce their output to the British level. It would not put the wages of German engineers up to the British level. It would not make British bricklayers work at the American rate. It would not make British shipbuilders reduce their efficiency to, say, the

Russian level, nor British cotton operatives cut their daily output down to, say, the Chinese standard.

Several foreign nations reduced their working shifts just after the war, though in few cases to the British level, and whereas we have stuck to our reductions, save in the single and exceptional case of mining, our competitors have made almost wholesale reversions to something like the pre-war work day. The *Labour Gazette* has officially recorded scores of extensions of foreign working hours since 1922, but only one British extension.

Let us refresh our memories. In 1917, a critical year in the war, the engineering and shipbuilding trade unions, manipulated by Socialists and other extremists, thanks to minority ballots, brought forward a demand for a shorter working week. It was not seriously urged, it is true, whilst the war was on; but the day the Armistice was signed, the pressure began vigorously for shorter hours and the full restoration of all pre-war restrictions and customs, while employers were invited to grant fresh concessions. Only eight days after the Armistice a settlement was forced, based on a shorter working week—a mistake from which British industry has suffered ever since. We have lost trade whilst others have gained.

When the early post-war settlements were made in the shipbuilding, engineering, and some other industries, the trade unions promised improved productivity, as compared with pre-war times of slackness; but the rank and file were not made to realize the position or the promises, and with few exceptions our average man-day output has been much less since the war than it was before, and many union leaders have deliberately encouraged further slackness. The shipbuilding and engineering unions promised as follows:

(3) The unions will take all possible steps to ensure that in the critical state through which the country has to pass the greatest possible output will be secured and maintained.

(4) The conditions . . . shall be subject to early consideration . . . from a broad national standpoint.

(5) Provision for avoiding disputes shall be immediately entered into.

We have seen what we have seen! Contracts which

should have been completed in a year taking three, owing to demarcation squabbles; strikes first in one branch and then in another, and a degree of slackness which never previously disgraced British industry. Trade beyond computation has been lost. Well may the American Press declare that the British will see more and more of their trade pass away if they neglect to get "down to hard work." Well may Continentals speak of "the lazy English." As an Englishman, I would not attempt to defend my countrymen against the charge of being lazy. Multitudes of our men yell like maniacs for the last ounce of efficiency on the football field for ninety minutes on Saturday afternoon, but from Monday morning to Saturday midday efficiency at work is the last thing that interests their distorted minds. They move about at little more than a snail's pace.

We had the shortest general working week before the war. But whilst some nations made a pretence of establishing an eight-hour day or forty-eight-hour week after the war in a few selected industries, we set up something like a rigid forty-eight-hour week generally, with forty-seven, forty-four, and even forty-two-hour weeks in some trades. We have stuck to these, save in the single case of mining, whereas foreign nations have made countless relaxations and extensions since 1921–22. The Ministry of Labour *Gazette* has recorded lengthening of working hours abroad every few months.

Remarkably enough, the United States will have nothing to do with the Washington Hours Convention. In few trades, save those of a continuous nature—that is, where work is done by night as well as day, as at blast furnaces and in gasworks—is there even an eight-hour day in America. In many industries there is a twelve-hour shift, less meals. An agitation even for a strict forty-eight-hour week for women and young persons in some branches of the textile and clothing trades in the United States has failed. In the New England States there is a fifty-four-hours a week law for women and children, except in Massachusetts, where they have a forty-eight-hour law. But in the latter State a Bill to relax the law is now under debate. It is termed a "modifying" Bill. It provides for a maximum of fifty-four

hours a week for women, conditional upon not more than an average of forty-eight hours a week being put in for a whole year. It has been shown in the Legislature, from reports given by the Commissioner of Labour for North Carolina, that work is being done in the south rather than in the north because of the longer hours. Evidence given before the Committee of Labour and Industries states that women in hotels are allowed to work ten hours a day, provided they do not exceed forty-eight hours a week,, and that in the textile trades there are irregular periods of great activity followed by dull periods, owing to seasonal demands and the fact that, unless work is done as required, it will be taken elsewhere.

In Manchester, New Hampshire, according to a message dated February 24, the Committee on Labour has voted ten to four to report the forty-eight-hour Bill as "inexpedient to legislate," and the proposed law will be "defeated heavily," as many representatives from industrial centres will vote against the Bill.

In the United States iron and steel industry the eight-hour system at continuous work often involves seven shifts a week. In many cases where the single day shift only is worked, and even in some where night shifts are put in, the working hours are twelve, less meal-times. In the mining industry the men put in full eight-hour shifts at the coal-face, but they do not average six days a week. On United States railways the hours of actual work are returned at an average of 49·3 per week.

The five-day week has made some headway in America recently, but Mr. Ford was not the originator of it, as some people have been led to understand. Manufacturers in competitive trades are mostly opposed to it, save when it is necessary to work short time, and, indeed, it has been hinted that Mr. Ford's adoption of the five days is more in the nature of short time, owing to the market not being able to absorb the whole of six days' production, than to any other cause or idea. But that by the way.

The United States *Monthly Labour Gazette* for December, 1926, says that no general survey of the five-day week has yet been made, but some investigations have been conducted, and these show that it is most

common in the men's clothing trade, in which nearly one-third of the workers covered by the inquiry were found to be working only five days a week. The organized hat and cap workers of New York and Philadelphia have obtained an agreement for a five-day week of forty-four hours, to be reduced this year to forty. Others working a five-day week, mostly of forty hours, are the waterproof clothing makers, cutters, pressers, and buttonhole makers, the members of the cloak, skirt, dress, and reefer makers' unions, and of the ladies' tailors and dressmakers' unions of New York and of the organized cloak, skirt, and dressmakers in Boston. In some of the building trades the five-day week is fairly well established. More than 6 per cent. of the union membership covered by the inquiry were found to be working on this basis.

In the printing and publishing of newspapers, especially those in foreign languages, a forty-hour week, or less, is quite frequent, but is worked variously five or six days a week. In about 5 per cent. of all the newspaper printing trades covered by the inquiry last year the weekly working time was found not to exceed forty hours. Of bakers, 1·4 per cent. had a five-day week, and of laundry workers, 7·8. In the cardboard box industry about two-thirds of the workers were found working on a regular five days a week.

In foundries and machine shops, 3·8 per cent. of the undertakings and 3·5 per cent. of the workers had a regular five-day week, and about 1 per cent. alternated between five and six days. The actual hours were usually in excess of forty per week. The iron and steel industry as a whole "still has many workers on rather long hours" says the report.

However, the chief competitors in the things in which we mainly specialize are the Continental workers of Europe.

In Germany there is supposed to be an eight-hour day below ground at the black coal mines and some "continuous process" occupations above ground, but in many of the latter—blast furnaces, coke ovens, gas producers, etc.—there are seven shifts per week. In one black coal-mining district there is an eight and a-half hour shift underground. In some districts there is a ten-hour day

above ground. There is a general ten-hour day at the brown coal, or lignite, mines. In the metal group of trades—that is, iron, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding—the normal working week, before overtime rates become payable, is fifty-four hours in the districts of Hamburg, Breslau, and Stuttgart; fifty-six hours in Magdeburg; fifty-seven hours in Hagen; fifty-seven and a-half hours in the north-west, except the areas just mentioned; and sixty hours in Berlin and Mannheim districts.

In the German Hours of Labour Law, as amended by decrees, there is provision that all lost time through sickness or other cause may be made good subsequently; there is a rule permitting overtime in all cases to "avoid the spoiling of materials or finished products," and in the railway and related services nearly all time occupied in travelling to and from work is excluded from the reckoning of the normal week. In Germany, as in other Continental countries, where there is a supposed or alleged eight-hour day, the aim is to make the day one of "eight hours' effective work."

In France less than half the industrial workers have had even an alleged eight-hour day, as stated in the House of Commons by the Labour Government of 1924. Not only so, but overtime is liberal. There was a decree as early as 1922 relaxing the eight-hour day on the railways in order to "improve" the service. It was also decreed that the working week be made "more effective." Waiting periods were excluded from the working time to be paid for. Subsequently there have been amendments enabling the working day or week to be arranged "to suit the traffic." Overtime to the extent of 300 hours a year is granted for the first seven years under the Eight Hours Law, and 450 hours a year afterwards.

In Italy the forty-eight-hour week, when established after the war, was only applied to occupations which required "constant and assiduous application." All easy jobs involving waiting or watching periods were excluded, and all "responsible persons," even in the most strenuous trades, were exempted. In 1926 a Royal Decree-Law provided that "until further order all industrial, commercial, and agricultural undertakings be authorized to

extend by one hour the daily hours of manual and non-manual workers."

In Belgium there was not even a pretence of an eight-hour day till 1921, and in 1923 modifications began. Occupations of a seasonal character were exempted. Variations have been so numerous and so widely made that by last year there was a full "effective working week" of fifty-four hours in the railway service, exclusive of all meal-times and waiting periods. In the productive industries, such as iron and steel, there is almost a general ten-hour day. Furthermore, the law provides for overtime in any case where materials used are liable to deteriorate, or where the necessary period of work cannot be "definitely determined in advance." A few months ago 100 supplementary hours a year were granted in the manufacture of artificial wool, the distribution of coal, the building materials and firewood trades; and it was decreed that fifty-two hours supplementary should be granted in the printing and bookbinding trades, and a nine and a-half hour day should be allowed in flax warehouses. This is only typical of the extensions made in most occupations since 1923. Indeed, one decree permits work in general to be done to suit trades and seasons. Holland, Switzerland, Russia, Czecho-Slovakia, and most other foreign industrial countries have made many extensions of working hours since about 1921–22.

The Prayer Book and Reservation

By Sir Thomas Inskip, C.B.E., K.C., M.P.

It is evident that the proposals recently published in connection with the revision of the Prayer Book have aroused the interest of large numbers of Church people who ordinarily are not interested in party controversy. Broadly speaking, any proposals limited to the addition of prayers for special occasions and the revision of the occasional services, in order to suit modern taste, would have been accepted for the sake of those who desired them. I think, however, that even such moderate proposals as these would have evoked no great enthusiasm. The Prayer Book may not be perfect, but it reaches a higher standard than any similar book of devotions, in respect, not only of its fitness for general use, but also of purity of doctrine and, it may fairly be said, absolute perfection of language. When Cranmer took his pen, he wrote, as Mr. Trevelyan has said, like a man inspired.

The present proposals go far beyond such mere revision or adaptation. They involve a fundamental reconstruction of that service which is sometimes called the Church's central act of worship. We are told that the new service involves no change of doctrine, and that fears have been needlessly aroused. The accuracy of this assurance depends upon the view which is taken of the nature of the doctrine implicit in the existing book. If, for instance, the view often expressed by the left wing of Anglo-Catholics, that there is nothing in the Prayer Book which is inconsistent with the legality of reservation for the sick is justified, it may be fair to say that the positive permission of that practice would make no difference. I believe, however, that public opinion is a reliable guide on this point. The laity of the Church of England undoubtedly have been of opinion since the Reformation,

and still are, that perpetual reservation is inconsistent with the existing standards of doctrine in the Established Church. It is almost inconceivable that they should have been under a misapprehension on this point for nearly 300 years, and that the mistake should only now have been discovered. I refer to this question of perpetual reservation because I believe it to be the cardinal test of the distinction, and the main justification for the breach, between the Anglican and the Roman Communions. Other illustrations might be given, but perpetual reservation is the simplest and most clear-cut of them all.

Let me for one moment state the undeniable facts as to the present position. Article XXV states that the Sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon or to be carried about. Article XXVIII teaches that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped. The Communion service accordingly contains a direction preventing those acts which by Articles XXV and XXVIII are implicitly repudiated as being not of Christ's ordinance. It is not surprising that Archbishop Temple in 1900 decided that the Church of England does not allow reservation in any form, and that Archbishop MacLagan said on the same occasion, after the most elaborate argument, that "the practice of reservation has no sanction from the Church of England."

In the light of the foregoing, it is bewildering that we should be told that the practice of perpetual reservation will leave the position of the Church of England unchanged. In fact, there is a change, and the change is making a deep impression upon non-party Church people. But even assuming that no change in doctrine is involved in the permission of the hitherto prohibited practice, it is certain that the present proposals represent an essentially different attitude towards the errors associated with reservation. The Church of England will, if the practice of perpetual reservation in her cathedrals and parish churches is allowed, no longer bear the same witness as heretofore to the purely spiritual reception of the body and blood of our Lord in the Holy Sacrament.

There is, however, another line of persuasion which some of the bishops are taking. They represent the opponents of changes in the service of Holy Communion as narrow and unreasonable persons who refuse to concur in the bishops' proposals merely because they do not like them. I am sorry to say that the Bishop of Liverpool and the Bishop of Winchester, among others, have made this criticism. It is unfair. Those who are content with the present Prayer Book, and particularly Evangelicals, have over and over again assented, against their own inclination, to changes of various degrees of importance. There comes a time, however, when fundamental principle is involved. If we find it impossible to agree with the bishops in thinking that perpetual reservation raises no fundamental principle, we are in duty bound to express our convictions. The question of the reservation of the consecrated elements is one of those issues which divide churches, and however well-intentioned the bishops may be, they cannot escape the consequences which will follow their action. If toleration and charity are desired, I venture to think that Evangelicals have in the last few years shown these qualities in a remarkable degree. They have asked, and now ask, for no favours; they have been content and anxious to forward the work of the Church without undue insistence on their legal rights; but slowly and steadily they have been driven, in hundreds of parishes, from their churches by the admittedly illegal practices which have gathered round reservation.

We are now invited to concur in the reconstruction of the Holy Communion service on the ground that the Anglo-Catholic extremists will at length yield to discipline. This hope is not based on any definite declarations by their leaders, either in Convocation or in the Press. On the contrary, an intention appears to use the old book, while continuing everything that is tolerated today by the bishops. I am afraid the present Measure goes a long way towards allowing this to be done. This defect, of course, may yet be remedied. But whether it is to take place under the old book, or under the new book, or under the infinite variations of the two which are possible, perpetual reservation and the alteration of

the canon, with all the subsidiary apparatus of vestments and new versicles and prayers at carefully chosen moments in the service of Holy Communion, are utterly inconsistent with the traditional practice of the Established Church since its reformation. I yet hope that the bishops, and the professedly Evangelical bishops in particular, will see the danger that lies ahead if they persist in their present course. The Church will be rent from top to bottom; its position will be shaken; its authority clouded; and in the end no purpose will be served except the possible retention within its ranks of a few whose real attraction is to the position in these matters of another Church. There is still one path which presents no perils, and is open. Let the Measure be divided. If that were done, few would doubt that on the one hand the main work of revision would be accepted in a spirit of true charity, though in some respects with reluctance, while, on the other hand, the sober, peaceable laity of the Church would reject with substantial unanimity the practice of perpetual reservation.

A Day on Palmerston Island, N.Z.

By Lady Alice Fergusson

In 1862, one William Marsters, a native of Birmingham, described by some as a sailor, by others as a ticket-of-leave man from Australia, left Penrhyn Island for Palmerston Island, where he had undertaken the production of copra for a British firm. With him went some Penrhyn native men as labourers; he also took, it is said, three native wives.

We did not know even as much as this about the history of Palmerston Island when our ship approached it on May 11, 1926. We were on an official tour among the islands of the South Pacific administered by New Zealand, and our scanty notes of this particular one merely informed us that it was "an atoll enclosed by a reef, having 83 inhabitants, all descendants of William Marsters, a British sailor, who settled there in 1862." It also gave the name of Mr. William Marsters as being that of the present British resident.

A search through "Cook's Voyages," which was included in our supply of books, showed that the great man discovered the island in 1774, during his second voyage. He did not, however, land on it till his third voyage, three years later, when he called for a supply of cocoanuts, and also for scurvy-grass for his cattle. He reported that the island was uninhabited, and that it did not bear any traces of former occupants.

It was at ten o'clock in the morning that we first saw the island in the distance. It comprises nine or ten atolls, which Cook says "may be reckoned the heads of the coral reef that connects them together." What we saw first was a series of faint breaks in the horizon which gradually took shape as low islets, each crowned with a fringe of coconut palms. A flat reef encircled them, awash in most places with the high tide, but showing above the water now and then where the white surf broke on it with a low roar. As we came closer, marvellous, unbelievable colours showed—deep sapphire-blue between the ship and the reef, while just below the reef itself the water took on a deep yet brilliant green. The surf gleamed white on the faint pink of the coral; inside the reef, the flat, calm water was a vivid emerald, melting into something duller as it touched the sands.

Beyond the point of the beach where we were to land, beyond the line of smooth water and the row of atolls, a dazzling white line divided sky and sea—the surf again breaking eternally on the coral on the far side of the encircling reef.

The island was about a mile to the starboard of us when we dropped anchor. It looked very peaceful, lying in the sunlight. As we watched it, a pair of tropic-birds rose and flew away over the palms, the sun gleaming on their red tail-feathers. A boat put out from the shore. Now for Mr. William Marsters.

We had had an animated discussion about him at breakfast time. Would he look more Englishman than islander, or *vice versa?* Would he come on board in spotless ducks, or in an old flannel shirt and blue cotton trousers? "Spotless ducks and a rather dark but unmistakably English face" seemed the most popular idea of him, but I had my doubts. The picture in my own mind included very old clothes and a bushy white beard, which I had always imagined to have been the characteristics of Masterman Ready on his island.

The boat shot through the opening in the reef, and presently William Marsters clambered up the companion-way on to the main deck. I had been right. Clothes old and nondescript, bushy white beard, bare feet, broken English, very dark brown face—the present head of the Marsters family showed more of his island than of his British origin. After greetings and introductions he unfolded a tale of disaster. One of the calamities common to these parts had overtaken the island. On March 31 a hurricane had swept over it, accompanied by a tidal wave. The islanders had run up the "hill"—a slight eminence in the middle of the atoll. One woman was caught by the wave and drowned, the rest escaped with their lives. But all their houses were destroyed save one; stores, possessions—all were washed away; and for the last six weeks the entire community had been living exclusively on fish and coconuts.

Our captain somewhat cynically advised us to go ashore and look round before offering help; so we asked Marsters to take us off to the settlement. Our party, eight in number, landed in two of the island boats, pulled ashore by dusky members of the Marsters family. The name of one boat, painted on the bow, mystified me.

It was "Twochildren." I scented a story, and asked for it, but the explanation given by one of the boatmen was quite simple: "The man that build the boat, he have two children, and name the boat after them."

They pulled round to the reef opening. The tide was pouring out through it, and the rush was so strong that two of the men jumped on to the reef and towed the boat with a rope to help the rowers. Now we came into the lagoon. The water was crystal clear, and we could see brilliantly-coloured fish darting to and fro below us. Above the surface of the water rose up, every now and then, a branching mass of white coral, like some bleached miniature tree.

The rest of the inhabitants had come down to the shore to meet us, and were standing in two lines forming an avenue to the water's edge. As we approached we heard them all singing the National Anthem. Anxious to respond to this demonstration of loyalty, but with some difficulty, we all stood up in our boats. At the end, when we were just going to sit down while the boats pulled up to the beach, the verse was repeated. On yet another repetition we gave it up and did sit down, which was just as well, as they continued to sing it over and over again; nor did they stop till we had all landed and shaken hands with the sixty odd people drawn up to receive us.

We looked closely for signs of British descent, but though their noses were straighter than the usual island nose, there was little to indicate that the people were not pure Polynesian. Most of them could and did talk English, of a kind, to us, but we noticed that they spoke Rarotongan among themselves. One of Marsters' six daughters was the school teacher, and the children were marshalled round her.

The handshaking over, the old Patriarch led the way up to the settlement. One glance was enough to show us that there had been, indeed, a ruinous storm. Piles of débris littered the beach. What had been houses were mere masses of wreckage. One house, roofless, was perched on a heap of rubbish, evidently lifted there by the wave. "The only place we can take you to is the church," said the old man.

The church had been carried bodily a distance of about fifty yards, and was now standing complete, but at a curious slant, wedged tightly between two palms.

It was a quaint building inside, lined with panelling and finished rather handsomely with grooved pilasters dividing the panels. The words "Des Provisions" above one of the panels puzzled us till it was explained that the edifice was built of wood taken from a French frigate wrecked on the island forty years ago. The pilasters and panels were what remained of the cabin doors.

The whole community followed us into the church, where the Governor-General made a short speech, sympathising with them and promising help, and offering encouragement for the future. Young coconuts were broken open and handed round to us to drink, a compliment typical of the unfailing hospitality of the island, but especially generous in view of the shortage.

At that moment, one of our ship's company appeared with a small mailbag which we had brought with us, and which he deposited at the church door. It was lifted in, and the immediate consequence amused us very much. The Patriarch rose and walked across to it. His wife followed, and both sat cross-legged on the floor, while the former struggled with the fastenings. All the rest of the gathering then rose and settled round them like a swarm of bees, but in solemn silence. At the far end of the church we were left, neglected and forgotten. However, seeing our chance of an independent look round, we left our corner after a hurried discussion, and told Mr. Marsters we proposed to take a walk over his island.

"That is all right," he remarked casually over his shoulder. "You can take my daughter Martha with you to show you the way."

Martha, a tall young woman of about twenty, stepped forward smiling shyly, and three or four of us set off with her through the groves of coconut palms. There was no doubt about the ravages which the storm had made. Taro patches lay bare and waterlogged. Pools of brackish water still stood in depressions of the ground, cheerful breeding places for mosquitoes. Rotting coconuts lying everywhere served the same purpose for flies, myriads of which infested the settlement. Martha took us up to the piece of rising ground where the islanders had spent the night of the hurricane; the remains of the shelter hastily put up by the men were still standing.

"Ah, we were all frightened," said Martha in her rather pretty halting English, "but we were glad to have

our lives saved. Only one of us was drowned; we found her body on the beach."

We estimated after a rough count that more than half the palms had had their heads blown off. These would never bear again. Others were badly damaged and set back, a serious thing for a community whose sole income is derived from copra, for it would be two years at least before any more could be forthcoming. Of taro, the great stand-by of the island people, there was none left.

"We have finished the good coconuts," Martha said; "now there are only the rotten ones. The children cannot eat them. For them there is only fish."

Martha, however, made no grumble. She said they were all lucky to be alive, and that they had salved many of their clothes and other possessions by digging in the sand on the shore, the storm having buried them.

She led us through the palms right across the island, and of course we plied her with questions on the history of the Marsters family. They were *all* called Marsters, she told us. Her grandfather, who "came here with some labourers to work the copra," had had a family of sixteen. Her own father had had two wives and ten children; Martha was of the second family. Her two uncles were the other big men of the island; but William, her father, was the British agent, the doctor, the pastor, the magistrate, and wielded a considerable authority, which, we suspected, he was occasionally apt to abuse. There had lately been a schismatic upheaval in the island, Martha's Uncle Dick having seceded from the ancestral Methodist religion to become a Seventh Day Adventist, perhaps with a view to wresting some of the power from his brother. Martha had never been away from the island, she told us, but two of her sisters had been in Rarotonga, and one of her brothers had been farther afield still. The health of the island was good, but since the storm there had been a plague of flies and mosquitoes, which had scarcely troubled them before.

The last schooner had called in February; before that they had had no communication with the outside world for six months. A visiting ship, we found, was always a "schooner," and must be referred to as such—trading schooners being the only craft that touch at the island.

I asked Marsters twice about "ships" calling, and was mystified on being told that the last ship had been in 1913. Before that, he added, there had not been one for twenty years, and the French ship was forty years ago. Eventually we gathered that the word "ship" implied a wreck! Moreover, by the air of regret with which we were told that there had been no ship at all lately, we concluded that the Marsters family had the wrecker's instinct strongly developed.

We came out of the palms on to the dazzling coral sands on the other side of the island. Just in the shade of the last trees we almost stumbled on a grave, and asked whose it was.

"Sick person," said Martha.

We knew what that meant—a leper. She was a girl, and had died five years ago, Martha told us, "on *that* islet" (pointing across the lagoon). There had been six lepers since the beginning of the settlement, and they all went to the islet. This was the last, and "since then—no more lepers." Poor lonely "sick person"! One does not like to think of what her life must have been, shunned and desolate on the islet, and ending in a lonely death. Under the recent arrangement of the Australian and New Zealand Governments with Fiji, she would have been transferred to Makogai, where, in beautiful surroundings under the tender care of the saintly Marist Sisters, the lepers of the South Pacific now not only live in freedom but have every chance of a complete cure.

We walked round back to the settlement along the shore, where the tide was going out. We walked slowly, partly because it was very hot, and partly because there was so much to look at. There were fantastic, twisted shapes of coral, white and pink, to be examined; beautiful polished cowrie-shells to be picked up; and extraordinary holes in coral slabs which, Martha said, were caused by "big worm, who come out and go back again."

Arriving at the settlement, we found the Governor-General, who had gone on ahead, once more in the church, taking down a list of the people's most pressing needs. I was taken in to see the Patriarch's house, the only one which had not been demolished by the storm. The reason was plain: it was built of very stout timber, salved from the "ship" of 1913, which happened to be

carrying it as cargo; and the walls and posts had stood the storm without a shake. Round the big room (there was only one) stood ship chests and lockers. Several babies lay on the floor asleep, with some rather apathetic-looking mothers sitting near them; the young husbands hovered in the doorways. I found one or two who could talk English, and they told me of their shifts for food since the storm. "How do you make your fires for cooking?" I asked, and was told, "By rubbing wood." I had always wanted to see this accomplishment, and a cheerful lad ran to get the suitable wood. One piece, sharpened, is rubbed on the other till a groove forms. More rubbing follows, until smoke rises; then a spark comes, to which dry fibre is held, and you have the fire.

Just as the spark showed I was sent for to the church, where we had to make our farewells. Men, women, and children joined in a hymn for our benefit, after which we walked down to the beach again. The whole population accompanied us, and while the "Twochildren" and her companion boat were rowed across the lagoon the strains of "God Save the King" rose again from the shore, sounding curiously from that strange place.

As we regained the deck of the ship, we saw the islanders going slowly up the beach, while the children streamed down on to the reef, splashing through the shallow water. There they stood as we steamed away, waving and calling till they were specks against the sand behind them.

Our first act after coming on board was to send a wireless message to the Government ship "Hinemoa," which happened to be only three days away, with the Minister for Cook Islands on board; the reply came back almost immediately that she would proceed at once to the island with relief stores. So we could leave, feeling we had done the stricken little settlement a good turn.

The afternoon sun gleaming on the wide circle of breaking white water; the group of little atolls, palm-crowned and edged with dazzling sands; tropic-birds flying from islet to islet; a tiny community, almost totally isolated, yet already faced, we could see, with the problems inevitable in all human communities—these were the impressions we carried away of this quaint and little-known corner of the Empire.

The Walnuts and the Wine

By Janet Ling

I HAD an old uncle once who used to give me good advice. He had worked hard, had made his pile, and had settled down to a happy old age with his wife in a comfortable home, occasionally enlivened by visits from his numerous grandchildren.

"You stick to it, John," he would say; "there's nothing like hard work. The harder you work now, the sooner you'll be able to retire and enjoy the walnuts and the wine."

Walnuts and wine served to sum up his idea of peaceful content, and I looked forward to just such a mellow, quiet end to life as he had. He died, dear old man, about 1906, when I was feverishly wrestling with an impossible tea-plantation among the swamps of Borneo. The village where he lived—an old, red-brick, picturesque village encircling a green, a duck pond, and five monumental elms—contained my home also, and, younger son though I was, I had fully expected eventually to find a house somewhere within its confines in which to rest from my exertions, and from which to hunt and fish and dispense wisdom to my neighbours. That dream—dating from the days before the Boer War ruined my father's somewhat speculative business—has gone the way of many other dreams. In 1903, at the age of thirty-two, I found the ground cut from under my feet, the family place sold, the family business crushed out of existence. Now, at the age of fifty-five, I am as far as ever from that house near the elm trees, from the hunting and fishing that were to fill the evening of my life, and, so have things turned out, very much farther than ever before from the walnuts and the wine. Walnuts and wine pre-suppose a polished mahogany table, flowers and bright fires, the presence of someone to encourage the enjoyment of leisure—they have very little to do with a thin, jaundiced bachelor on leave from Borneo.

I have been back to that red-brick village. I stayed at the little inn with its creaking, weather-beaten sign,

and hired a horse from the neighbouring town for a few days' hunting. It is twenty-three years since I was there last. Perhaps that explains what happened to me. Twenty-three years is a long time anyway, but the space from 1903 to 1926 can hardly be measured in years at all. The two dates belong to utterly different worlds. I had planned to come home in 1914—which was as soon as I could afford it—but that scheme, like most of those made for that year, came to nothing. I suppose that other people must have seen things such as I saw the other day, even though they do not speak of them. Or is it because I have been away so long that, for me, the past joined the present for an hour and let me into its secret?

The village has changed very little. The old, squat church stands at the west end of the green, the new war memorial at its gate is already getting to look grey and soft with rain and moss. There are no names on it—only the words: "SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF TWENTY-SEVEN MEN OF THIS PARISH WHO DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE. 1914–1918." Twenty-seven is a large number from such a tiny, world-forgotten place. The vicarage at the opposite end of the green, behind the elm trees, is tenanted by a young and energetic clergyman; when I was there last, the vicar was a middle-aged man with a delicate wife and, rather surprisingly, a sturdy, rumbustious boy of about ten, who was continually to be seen beating an old brown pony along the lanes and fields. In a small house, set back from the village, there lived then a widow with two boys—red-headed Oliver, who was eleven, and Jocelyn, about four years younger. These two, with Hugh, the parson's son, kept all the neighbourhood alive. There were pony-races, bicycle-races, great conclaves and practical jokes. You never knew when one of them might burst out at you from any bush as a pirate, a highwayman, or a smuggler. Sometimes, in winter, I would go down to the vicarage and help them fight battles with their tin soldiers. They were a merry trio—Oliver and Hugh, the inseparable ringleaders, and Jocelyn, always trying so hard to keep up. Hugh, I remember, had a funny trick of hunching his shoulders when he talked that was the despair of his

mother, and Jocelyn's little stammer made a queer contrast to Oliver's fiery head and impatient voice.

On the first evening of my return to the village, I strolled down the green towards the duck pond. A good many children were playing about, but I saw none to compare with those three rowdy boys I had known there before. I wondered vaguely what had become of them. They must be grown men by now, I thought; probably they are married and have families. The idea of Jocelyn with a family provoked a smile, and yet, of the three of them, he was the most likely to make a lover. I paused by the gate of the churchyard, and the November wind rustled the poppy-wreath on the base of the memorial.

Next day I had my first hunt for over twenty years. It gave one a different feeling to the hot, sticky rides in Borneo. There were not many people out, and we had a good hunt over a nice line of country. Towards the end of the day I noticed three young men riding a little to my right. They were all about one- or two-and-twenty, all three went well, and they kept together, apart from the rest of the field. When we had killed our fox and were hacking home—a ten-mile hack through the dusk of a warm, damp evening—I saw them again. They still rode together, speaking very little, and too far off for me to hear their voices. There was something curious about them. It was growing dark and a slight mist was rising, so that I could not see them very plainly. Their way evidently lay with mine, and they rode ahead of me; it seemed as if the distance between us never varied, even though I quickened my pace once or twice with a thought of catching them up. A local farmer was riding just behind me, and presently I turned to him.

"Who are those three young fellows in front of us?" I asked him; "they went jolly well, I thought."

"I don't see anyone in front," he answered.

"They've just gone round the bend of the lane," I said; "we'll see them again in a minute—three boys, on a chestnut, a brown, and a dark grey."

"I didn't notice anyone like that out today," he said; "they must be strangers; there aren't any young gentlemen comes out except in the holidays."

He turned off, soon after this, with a cheery good-night, and I rode on alone. Presently, on a straight bit of road, I saw the three again. There was something oddly familiar about them. Two of them rode abreast, the other just half a length behind, as if he found it difficult to keep up. After a time the tallest of them lifted his hat to run his fingers through his thick hair, which, I noticed suddenly, was bright red. He spoke then to the one on his left who, answering, hunched his shoulders in a quaint, unusual way. Just then a motor came towards us, and, when the glare of its headlights had died away, they were nowhere to be seen.

Next morning I went into the little church. Its low round arches stood unchanged, the old pews with their carved ends reminded me of my childhood. Beside the chancel arch was a bronze tablet bearing those twenty-seven names. I went straight to it, and ran my eye down the list. I found what I expected.

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN IMMORTAL MEMORY OF THE MEN OF THIS PARISH WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR.

1914

James Bright — Oliver Headley
John Brown — George Lunn
Hugh Wilson

1915, 1916, 1917—names that I didn't know.

1918

George Carr — Jocelyn Headley
Alfred Wright

I went out of the church quickly. I felt old, and useless, and ashamed. The November day was dim, the sky was heavy with rain. The wreath of poppies on the memorial seemed, by some queer effect of light, like a pool of blood. "SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF TWENTY-SEVEN MEN OF THIS PARISH WHO DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE." I remembered those three boys—untidy, rowdy, mischievous. I saw again the three figures riding home, as each, no doubt, had ridden after his last hunt. Well—in the happy hunting-grounds they are at least still young. They, at any rate, have not known the endless unfulfilments of life.

Next week I go back to Borneo. Whatever comes, I shall never again return to that village with the elm

trees. The house of ease I had dreamt of there will never be mine—ease is not for the lonely or the aimless . . . nor for the young. I looked forward, as I was bidden, to the walnuts and the wine; perhaps they did, too. If ever, by any odd chance, I should attain to content and leisure, it will not be in that haunted village. I should see those three young figures always at my table . . . three young men for whom there is no old age, three boys who died in the glory of their youth and took happiness with them into the farther country . . . and they would say to me—Hugh with his hunched-up shoulders; red-headed, impatient Oliver, and quiet, stammering Jocelyn—"What right have you to any regrets? You had your chances."

A British Cemetery

By K. M. Hitchcox

QUITE suddenly I came upon it—after leaving the arid ugliness of a new French town. It lay on the ridge, like a little jewel some giantess had dropped, all emerald and ivory. I entered the low gateway, with that tightening of the throat that no man or woman can fail to feel on first seeing all this pitiful beauty, and walking the jagged paths, I read the names of boys and men of those "known to God," of Chinamen, with their names unreadable, inscrutable to us in death, as in life.

Then, standing at the Cross, I turned my face into the sun, and closed my eyes; the wind came softly to me, full of the scent of wallflowers, and fresh turf. A bee hummed by, a lark sang, and the gardener's mowing machine began its busy chatter. I was standing with my eyes closed, in an English garden.

So you who have lost, and remember, may close your eyes in the sunshine of a summer day at home, and be beside your lost one, in an English garden—in France.

Meredith the Poet

By Leo C. Robertson

GEORGE MEREDITH paid the penalty of his eminence as a novelist by the lack of general recognition which till quite recently has been the lot of his poetical work. The mass and brilliance of his contribution to fiction overshadowed his merits as a poet, although it is to his poems we must go for the sincerest and most spontaneous presentation of his general attitude towards life and the universe. For in poetry he naturally found a more adequate medium than in prose for the expression of his deeper personal vision and emotions. But perhaps it is not quite fair to lay on his achievements as a novelist all the blame for the popular neglect of him as a poet. There are qualities in his verse which lay too heavy a contribution on the powers of the intellect to make him a poet in favour with the masses. His poetry is emotionally tense and close-textured. It is full of the "fundamental brain-work" of which Rossetti speaks. Success is a matter of concession to popular taste. But Meredith was too much of the intellectual aristocrat to compromise with his audience. Methods of popular appeal were foreign to his nature. He said what he wanted to say and he said it in his own way. To one who showed him a story she had published, but which had failed to win a large circulation, he said, "Console yourself by thinking that you have said what you wanted to say, and that is a very great gain."

Now Meredith was a poet with a definite message—a poet with a philosophical creed, though it must be added immediately that there was no one whose manner was more remote from that of the pulpit or chair. He had something to say, but it was difficult to express, being of so individual and original a cast. He had continually to contend with stubborn and recalcitrant material; and as the style and diction in which this material found outlet were also notably singular, there resulted a certain verbal strangeness and oddity which largely account for this slow acceptance by the public. Another reason for the limited appeal of his poems, besides his undeniable obscurity, was his outlook on life, which, though acceptable

to modern readers, was not so readily appreciated by Victorians brought up on Tennyson and Tupper. It is not to be expected that an age from which even Browning, who was after all essentially Victorian, won but a tardy recognition would discern the genius of one so far in advance of his time.

The general impression conveyed at a first reading by the body of Meredith's poetical work is apt to lead to his being classed with Browning, Donne, and others who have indulged in poetical contortions. But the resemblance is not grounded on essentials.

Even a superficial analysis of Meredith's poems reveals certain qualities to the presence of which is due his singular position as a poet. Mention must be made first of the luxuriance of his imagination, which works itself out in a profusion of metaphors. Image huddles on image so swiftly that his syntax is overburdened, and he becomes in consequence a poet difficult to construe. Our difficulty is not in his telling us too little, but in his overstraining the carrying capacity of words. His eagerness to pack every phrase and line with meaning and colour leads to his writing, as it has been aptly said, in a kind of shorthand. Imagination in him outraces its own power of expression. But Meredith's use of the metaphor is peculiarly his own. He does not employ it, as most poets do, for the purpose of a point to point analogy, of painting a picture perceptible to the physical eye. For him it is merely the means towards the achievement of a kind of concentrated suggestiveness. He strives in effect to speak entirely in metaphor—that is, he endeavours to put the image to the same use as we put the word—or, to express it in another way, to swell out by means of this pressure of suggestion the meaning of each word till it conveys the significance of a whole phrase. For other poets the single word with its comparative paucity of content is the unit. For Meredith the unit is a complete image suggested in a word. But his metaphors are not susceptible of dissection. Thus he speaks of Shakespeare's laugh being "broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture," meaning to suggest thereby that spaciousness of Shakespeare's spirit which made him live, as it were, always at the top of his being. The analogy is not to

be pressed any further than that. It reminds one of the suggestive similes used in the "Song of Solomon," such as "Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men," or "Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead." To take another example showing how Meredith used the visual image of a metaphor for a sort of abbreviated transcription of his thoughts, he describes Attila's veterans as "grain of threshing battle-dints." Here, as Mr. Trevelyan says, the hard hammering of swords on armour is made very present to the mind, but there is no distinct picture painted either of a threshing floor or of a battle. Describing Napoleon's soldiers marching into the thick of battle, he attempts to assail both the auditory and the visual sense organs with the same impression at the same instant, and writes that they "bore his eagles through the tawny roar." How can a sound have colour? How can a roar be tawny? But Meredith is not indulging in a piece of fantastic nonsense. Psychologically he is correct. Actually there is a sort of fusion achieved by means of the processes of association and assimilation. Thus we cannot see a block of ice without simultaneously linking up with that visual image the ideas of coldness and hardness which are for us for ever bound up with our notion of ice.

Meredith is charged with a lack of architectonic power in the construction of his metaphors. But this criticism fails to appreciate the fact that Meredith is not concerned with the working out of ingenious parallelisms. From his point of view he is justified in his not unfrequent practice of what might appear to be hopelessly mixed metaphors. Take such a poem as the closing sonnet of "Modern Love":

> Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:
> The union of this ever diverse pair!
> These two were rapid falcons in a snare
> Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
> Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
> They wandered once, clear as the dew on flowers:
> But they fed not on the advancing hours;
> Their hearts held craving for the buried day.
> Then each applied to each that fatal knife,

Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah, what a gusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that thin faint line upon the shore!

In this poem, which is highly characteristic of Meredith, he apparently lays himself open to the charge of such confusions of figure as the picture of Love "closing" what he has "begotten," that of "falcons in a snare flitting," and that of "feeding on the hours as they advance." It can be said that there seems to have been practically no consideration on the part of the poet of the relationship of the several pictures to each other, and that we are presented with a bewildering succession of mutually incompatible images. This may be so, but the slightest acquaintance with Meredith's work will show that he decried in practice the necessity of sustained metaphors. The poem just read does not provide us with an instance of a literary lapse on the part of Meredith, but gives us something typical of the greater part of his poetical productions. He thought in flashes. The subtlety and celerity of his thought resulted in a perpetual change of points of view, as, when one is travelling in a train, a constant stream of new objects sweep into the field of one's vision and pass away. Meredith's metaphors are not mixed simply because the images are not meant to dovetail into each other—each stands on its own independent footing, contributing its illuminating flash to the complete picture. A point worthy of notice here is that, though the component images are visual in character, the whole that they build up is not a larger picture, but a thought structure—an intellectual complex which is not susceptible of visualization. Thus we see that Meredith is never really guilty of mixed metaphors (though he may often appear to be so), because he does not use metaphor in the same way as other poets do, merely for the sake of evolving pleasing resemblances and indicating a unity in variety.

But it is to the possession of what would appear to be almost contradictory characteristics that Meredith's distinctive style is due. One would expect the natural

accompaniment of an exuberant imaginative faculty to be an easy-flowing verbosity. This is precisely what we do not find in Meredith. His style is marked by a fastidious repudiation of all inessentials and a hatred of convention or meretricious ornament. It is hard and brilliant and multi-faceted like a diamond. He aims at being epigrammatic. His sentences are packed tight. In them he gives us full measure and brimming over, for over and above their face meaning his words are surcharged with suggestion. In nearly all his poems we find an extraordinary verbal economy. The verses entitled "Earth and Man" are highly characteristic in this respect, as also are the scattered sonnets and his "Modern Love" series of poems.

Meredith's fertility of imagination and his compressed style of writing account in some measure for his undeniable obscurity. From them results his peculiar use of metaphor. The chief contributory factor to his obscurity, however, is the intellectual quality of his work. Meredith's matter is never thin. He is a thinker in verse. He is a philosopher-poet. But his obscurity is not entirely due to his intellectualism, his imaginativeness or his method of compression. It has to be admitted that Meredith was often deliberately unmindful of the minor graces of composition that make for a melodious and lucid style. What are we to think of such cacophonous contortions as :

> A woman who is wife despotic lords
> Count faggot at the question, shall she live?

or of this sonnet entitled "A Certain People," which, in fairness to the author, is quoted in full?

> As Puritans they prominently wax,
> And none more kindly gives and takes hard knocks.
> Strong psalmic chanting like to nasal cocks,
> They join to thunderings of their hearty thwacks.
> But naughtiness, with hoggery, not lacks
> When Peace another door in them unlocks,
> Where conscience shows the eyeing of an ox
> Grown dully apprehensive of an axe.
> Graceless they are when gone to frivolousness,
> Fearing the God they flout, the God they glut.
> They need their pious exercises less
> Than schooling in the pleasures, fair belief
> That these are devilish only to their thief
> Charged with an axe nigh on the occiput.

Of this sonnet, however, which is characteristic of much of his work, it may be said that, though crude and wayward in expression, it is deliberately grotesque. In many instances the rugged mould into which Meredith cast his matter is eminently suited to it.

It is hard to agree with those critics who charge Meredith with lacking a musical ear. In the face of that most glorious and musical of all compositions in the English language, "Love in the Valley," it is absurd to hold that Meredith could say but could not sing. The fact is that in Meredith's poetry we find a fusion of intellect and imagination. He was a master-alchemist, but often the metal of his thought failed to be transmuted into the gold of poetry. He was not aiming solely at melody. The writer of "Love in the Valley," "The Lark Ascending," and other unchallengeably beautiful lyrics has given immortal contributions to the melodious in English literature. In those other poems in which he lays himself open to criticism it must be recognized that his aim was different. He was trying to give poetic expression to complex ideas and nuances of thought which would be difficult of communication even in the more flexible medium of prose. He has new and valuable ideas to convey, and old bottles will not do for his new wine.

What, then, is this new wine? What is Meredith's philosophical attitude towards life that causes him to be looked upon as a dealer in hard sayings? At the outset it should be mentioned that Meredith's point of view as a philosopher is not unusual, nor, expressed in prose, would it make more difficult reading than any other of the numerous philosophical creeds. But heightened to the emotional levels of poetic imagination and expressed in verse, condensed in a manner and style often eccentric, his philosophy makes unusual and difficult poetry. In prose the story could be told in a few words, but perhaps not the whole story! For in the process of transmutation something would be lost. Meredith is too much of a poet to present us with mere versified philosophical arguments. He would not, like Pope, give us a so-called poetical "Essay on Man." Pope's essay was not poetry at all, very poor philosophy, but excellent versifying. Meredith instinctively recoiled from

the logical method of philosophy proper, even as Wordsworth and Browning did. In him the intellect is sublimated by means of the imagination, and the philosophical goal is reached by a different avenue of approach from that provided by logic.

In the Meredithian conception of life, as in the Wordsworthian, Nature is the central fact to which all others stand subordinate. But Wordsworth's interpretation of Nature differed radically from Meredith's. For Wordsworth, Nature was a brooding spirit of peace. It was a medium through which he could obtain release from this Earth, and attain to some kind of union with God. His heaven stands outside Earth and Nature. They are merely roads leading to it. In fact, Wordsworth employs Nature much in the same way as one addicted to drugs takes opium or hashish to liberate himself from the bondage of material senses. Meredith's faith, on the other hand, is uncompromisingly stoical. He accepts Earth as a mother and looks no farther. His Nature-worship is not susceptible of a mystical interpretation. His attitude towards Nature is pantheistic in the pagan sense and differs profoundly from that embodied in the great monistic systems of idealism. It is more akin to that of the modern scientific biologist. Man, body and mind, flesh and spirit, is Earth-born. Earth is not dead matter. She is the great mother out of whom we have evolved.

Accepting Earth as he does, Meredith is neither optimistic nor pessimistic in his outlook. He is frankly agnostic. Earth and Man, mother and son, are bound together in this process of cosmic evolution. He does not even ask whither that process tends, feeling that the ultimate is unknowable. In a " Faith on Trial " he says :

> "They see not above or below
> Farthest are they from my soul,"
> Earth whispers "they scarce have the thirst
> Except to unriddle a rune;
> And I spin none; only show
> Would humanity soar from its worst,
> Winged above darkness and dole,
> How flesh unto spirit must grow
> Spirit raves not for a goal."

But his stoical agnosticism would be too uncomfortable and uncomforting a philosophy were it not for the peculiar

way in which he contrives to combine Faith and Agnosticism and to base the whole upon Love. We grow into the world of spirit, not by the denial of the body, but by its affirmation as part of the Mother Earth whom we must love as children and in contact with whom we quicken into a new and higher energy of life and obtain a larger spiritual vision. In the poem entitled "Spirit of Earth in Autumn," he says:

> She has been slain by the narrow brain,
> But for us who love her she lives again.

Meredith's conception of life, however, cannot be illustrated adequately by short quotations from scattered poems. His poems must be read as a whole in order to disengage the metaphysical creed which is inherent in them.

Attention may be drawn here to something more than a fancied resemblance between Meredith's creed and that of Buddhism. Differing altogether in details and inessentials, there is yet a noteworthy similarity in the attitude towards Reality expressed by both. Both base their ethical ideas and doctrine of love on an agnostic foundation, and in neither do we find any promise of a compensating life beyond this one. According to Meredith, it is but a kind of lust to crave for life after death. The Buddhists set up as an ideal the deliverance from this lust of living; Meredith, though, contrary to Buddhism, holding life to be a thing of positive value, yet preaches a complete resignation to, nay, a joyful acceptance of, the fact that there is no continuance of personal life after death. Envisaging Nature, as he does, as a living, though not necessarily a self-conscious, whole, he sees no hope of personal immortality for us, but bids us rejoice in the fact of our survival in our offspring and in our work. This is, of course, simply the Buddhistic doctrine of Karma. As he says in his "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn":

> Into the breast that gives the rose,
> Shall I with shuddering fall?
> Earth, the mother of all,
> Moves in her steadfast way,
> Gathering, flinging, sowing,
> Mortals, we live in her day,
> She in her children growing.

Neither in Buddhism nor in the Meredithian creed is there any conception of a personal God. God, if anything in Meredith's poetry, is Ethical progress; it is the Moral Law, just as in Buddhism this Law of Karma dominates the whole system with its endless chain of circumstance in which the links are actions and where no action can fail of its consequences. Thus we find Meredith saying in "A Reading of Life": Man should be

> Obedient to Nature, not her slave;
> Her lord if to her rigid law he bows,
> Her dust if with his conscience he plays knave
> And bids the Passions on the Pleasures browse.

Meredith was so versatile a genius that in the body of his work we find poems and groups of poems that could quite conceivably have been written by other hands. He has written odes, pontifical and pompous in manner—nature lyrics with more than a Keatsian delight in sense-impressions of colour, scent and sound—love poems that would match Browning's for lyric beauty—poems with humour and pathos intermixed, like "Juggling Jerry," a psychological novel in verse in the series entitled "Modern Love"—and finally, philosophical poems written in his own peculiar shorthand style. But of all Meredith's poems the one that all the world would single out for preservation (if only one could be chosen) is a poem not written in his characteristic manner either of thought or of style. Just as the "Shaving of Shagpat" stands out from the rest of his prose works as a marvellous *tour de force*, so this poem shines out in the firmament of his poetry. It is the glorious, the inimitably beautiful and melodious "Love in the Valley"—the finest love-song in the world, not excluding "Solomon's Song of Songs." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says of it, that all that Swinburne or Rossetti ever wrote fades out like fireworks or sick tapers before its sunshine. It would be a sin to attempt to analyse so beautiful a work of art. Mr. Trevelyan says: "In the face of this poem criticism drops its weapons. One can only be thankful that so great an inspiration has been clothed in a form so nearly perfect." Not so nearly perfect, I say, but absolutely perfect.

The Farthing Baths

By S. W. Keyte

What could be worse than Nero?
What could be better than the baths of Nero?

Martial, vii. 34.

"I AM sure a man engaged in study does not need silence as much as people think. Here, for instance, a thousand different cries are ringing around me as I write, for I live just over a public bath. Imagine all the disagreeable noises that human throats can produce: athletes in the gymnasium below are lifting weights, and each time they make (or pretend to make) one last mighty effort I can hear their gasps and the shrill whistle of escaping breath. Then along comes one of those awkward fellows who make a business of massaging the poorer sort of bathers; I can hear his heavy hand falling on bare shoulders, and the sound tells me whether he is using the palm or the back of the hand. To increase the din a ball player arrives and starts shouting the points. Add to all this the noise of quarrelling, the hubbub that arises when a thief is caught in the act, the bellowing of some singer who finds that an echoing bath-house lends charm to his voice, and everywhere the loud splashing of water. These voices at least are spontaneous, though they may have no other merit; but mingling with them comes the shrill cry of the depilator, constantly repeated to call the attention of bathers. This fellow is only still while plucking the hair off some luckless patient, who thereupon cries out in turn. Finally, there are the pastrycook, the meat-seller, the confectioner, and other pedlars, each emitting a special cry to announce his wares." The foregoing is a picture, from the pen of Seneca, of life in a Roman public bath, one of those large establishments which saw so much of the lighter side of Roman life, and played so important a part in the daily doings of nineteen hundred years ago. Allusions to bathing in Latin literature are numerous enough to permit a detailed reconstruction of the scene, while the innumerable remains which Time

and Man have spared leave little doubt as to how the buildings were constructed.

The simplest type of baths in imperial times comprised six essential parts:

1. An open court for exercising and playing games.
2. A dressing-room where everyone was required to undress completely before entering the baths.
3. A warming-room, where bathers rested (and often took exercise) to prepare their bodies for the high temperature of the heating-room.
4. A heating-room, with a hot bath at one end. Here the bather took a hot air or vapour bath and then bathed in hot water.
5. A cool room containing the cold bath. The routine of bathing ended with a cold plunge, intended to close the pores of the skin.
6. Furnaces for heating water and for maintaining a moderate heat in the warming-room and a high temperature in the heating-room.

Roman baths throughout the Empire, whether public or private, were built on this plan. Some were relatively small, with a perimeter of 100 yards or less, others, such as the great baths of Caracalla, measured nearly a mile around the outside walls; but the principle of construction and the disposition of the rooms never varied. The greater area covered by the gigantic establishments of later times was due to the addition of two or three extra gymnasia, swimming pools up to 200 ft. in length, race tracks or stadia, with tiers of raised seats for the spectators, porticoes, gardens, fountains, and shady walks, reading-rooms, lecture halls, libraries, and even theatres, picture galleries, and museums. Such luxurious amusement palaces were built by the later emperors, partly from the desire to perpetuate their own memory, partly to humour a turbulent people who did not easily forget the worthier liberties their ancestors had once enjoyed. It is estimated that the baths of Diocletian could accommodate 3,000 bathers, and those of Caracalla more than half that number; their vast extent may be judged from the fact that within the ruins of the former are now housed several public buildings of modern Rome, notably the National Museum and the church of Santa Maria

degli Angeli; the church occupies no more than one hall (the warming-room) of the ancient structure.

Of the six essential parts the most ingeniously contrived were the warming- and the heating-rooms, built in such a way that heat from the furnaces could circulate freely under the floors and within the walls. The floor on which the bathers stood was supported from a lower floor by numerous small pillars of brick about 3 ft. high; the walls likewise were hollow, or else provided with a system of pipes connecting with the open space beneath. On the lower level, to one side of the heating-room, stood the furnaces, so arranged that the hot air should first heat the floor and walls of the heating-room, and after losing some of its heat pass on to give a moderate warmth to the warming-room. Architects paid great attention to proper proportions and to good lighting. In the baths of Hippias the cool room had a northerly outlook, while the warmer rooms faced south; Hippias added an up-to-date touch by installing two clocks, one worked by water, the other a sun dial. Libraries, picture galleries, and museums were probably housed in an upper story; but Agrippa (who gave one of the first public baths to Rome) had small paintings let into the marble walls of the warmer rooms. A heating-room, filled with steam for several hours a day, seems hardly the place for hanging pictures, and, in fact, they were removed later when the building underwent repairs. The so-called museums might be collections of rarities and curiosities, such as the Romans were fond of gathering from all parts of the world; they could not have been museums in the modern sense. Libraries may have owed their existence to the dilettante spirit of the age. Seneca, Nero's tutor, writes: "Libraries have become indispensable even in public baths. I could forgive this craze if it sprang from a love of study; but the books are bought mainly for their appearance; their chief use is to adorn the walls."

There were other departures from the normal type of baths, besides those which the public craving for luxury and magnificence had called into being. Large establishments had a separate anointing-room, where bathers were rubbed down, massaged, and perfumed; in smaller places these operations took place in the warming-room.

Sometimes the hot water bath occupied a separate room, instead of being built into the floor of the heating-room. In the baths of Caracalla are remains of many separate bathrooms and dressing-rooms which served, judging from their size, for bathers who desired complete privacy.

The central core was usually of brick and mortar; to this, inside and out, marble slabs were affixed by means of iron clamps. Walls and floors thus lined with rare marbles, the vaulted ceilings were finished in moulded stucco, and the roof (in one case, at least) tiled in bronze. Columns of red porphyry, of granite in various shades, red, grey or green, and even of Oriental alabaster, supported the colonnades. So insistent was the Roman love of display that the emperors literally ransacked their empire to provide every existing variety of marble, and in the construction of public buildings they used this material with the utmost profusion. "We think ourselves miserably housed," says Seneca, "unless the walls of our baths are enriched with mouldings, unless Numidian marble makes a pleasing contrast with marble from Alexandria. Marvellous mosaics must also adorn the walls, and water must flow in streams from taps of pure silver." Neither labour nor expense was spared to make even the smallest object as ornate and elaborate as possible. The sculptor, the painter, the architect, the designer in mosaic, the goldsmith, the silversmith, stonecutter, mason, and plumber, all artists and all artisans, contributed their handiwork to these "people's palaces." The extreme limit of public extravagance is mentioned by the elder Pliny, who, like his contemporary the younger Seneca, was fond of contrasting the luxury of his own age with the austere simplicity of times past. "When our women go bathing," he writes, "they scorn to use the benches unless they are made of silver. If Fabricius were alive to see this, if he could have seen baths paved with silver where men and women bathe together, what would he have said, he who forbade even a general to own more silverware than one cup and a salt-cellar?" Fabricius was public censor three centuries before Pliny's time; he was distinguished by a spirit of frugality which prompted him to make this quaint ruling. Perhaps he permitted cups and salt-cellars

in silver because of their importance in religious rites, both salt and wine being used as offerings to the gods. It is not improbable that in the baths to which Pliny refers the large basins for hot and cold bathing were actually lined with silver; his statement becomes more trustworthy when compared with the assertions of other authors, that rich men used gold and silver for the lowliest of kitchen utensils.

Pavements were often in mosaic, an art which the Romans brought to such a degree of excellence that, as one author remarks, it might rival the art of painting. Mosaics of large design served admirably as pavements or as wall decoration; their charm, utility, and grandeur endeared them to the Roman mind, and they are among the commonest of all remains which time has preserved. The most popular subjects for treatment in mosaic were, as might be expected, mythology and the exploits of heroes; processions are frequently depicted, as are scenes from the arena and the race track, the stage, and the hunting field, country life and town life, all these in addition to a great variety of geometrical designs. From the baths of Caracalla came the celebrated "Pavement of the Gladiators," a mosaic containing fifty-four portraits of athletes and gladiators who enjoyed popular favour at the time. Even latrines were paved with mosaic; this was done at one of the baths of Timgad in Algeria, where a particularly fine, fan-shaped design has been unearthed.

But of all artistic work which adorned public baths the most beautiful was statuary. Greece and the Archipelago were naturally the main sources of supply. Since the sack of Athens by Sulla it had been customary to ship to Rome entire boatloads of works of art, secured either by plunder, purchase or negotiation. Hellenistic works they mainly were, or else good copies of fifth-century masterpieces; but those that have survived, though they reflect the originals all too faintly, are still the most cherished possessions of the museums of Europe. Such are the three colossal pieces that once adorned the baths of Caracalla, and are now in the Naples Museum: the Farnese Flora, the Farnese Bull, and the Farnese Hercules. Æsculapius and his daughter Hygeia could

fittingly preside over the health-giving exercise of bathing; hence their statues occupied a conspicuous place in the baths of Hippias. In the court or gymnasium there often stood an image of Mercury, patron of agility and manly exercise; for the Romans followed the tradition of placing every activity of life under the protection of some deity. Even the smaller baths were profusely decorated; those at Cherchel in Algeria contained at least fifty statues, and Cherchel, though a capital, was never of great importance.

Venus, dear to the people, must have had her niche in all baths. How often have the bright eyes of Roman women, more intent perhaps on their intrigues than on bathing, invoked her aid? Ladies, it appears, were often accompanied to the baths by a male guardian, and perhaps there was good reason for it, especially if the ladies were familiar with the poems of Ovid. For Ovid, ever eager to act as go-between, instructs them in the art of deceiving a watchful eye. "Can a guardian," he asks, "stop you writing a note in the baths? Can he stop your accomplice (some female attendant) from carrying your letter hidden in her robe or her shoe? But suppose he discovers these ruses. Well, then, use the shoulders of your accomplice to write on. Letters traced with fresh milk will certainly escape the eye, and a little powdered charcoal suffices to make them legible." It may be asked why, if the attendant were at liberty to betake herself to the lover, she could not deliver the message by word of mouth. But what lover would not be the happier for receiving a note in his lady's own handwriting?

Aqueducts, or the city mains, supplied water to the great baths; an aqueduct twelve miles long, yielding 21,000 cubic metres a day, was built expressly to serve the baths of Severus, and both Caracalla and Diocletian built branch aqueducts to feed their baths. Plumbing systems, whose meagre remains still arouse the admiration of students, ensured a constant circulation of water, while the drainage system left nothing to be desired.

The year 300 B.C. saw the first cold swimming bath built in the capital, warm baths being still unknown. A hundred years later men were familiar with vapour baths followed by friction and massage "in the Greek

style," but they considered it effeminate to use water at the high temperature which later became the rule. After the Punic wars came the expansion of Rome and contact with Greece. The hot air bath (probably invented by the Spartans) and the Greek "gymnasium" provided a plan for the erection of those luxurious establishments which sprang up with astonishing rapidity from the days of Augustus onwards. Warm baths now became more popular than cold. Agrippa, the Minister of Augustus, claimed in his memoirs to have opened 170 small public baths during his tenure of office, and Pliny adds that, "today the number of them at Rome is infinite." But the increase of private wealth had kept pace with the rapid advance of public revenue; wealthy men of all ranks, patricians or parvenus, built sets of baths in their town houses and in their country villas. No well-appointed house would have been considered complete without them.

Some idea of the spread of public baths to other parts of the empire can be got from an examination of Roman remains in Algeria and Tunisia. In this small, but important, corner of the Roman world excavations have been made at about forty points, and over fifty public baths have so far come to light. But even small towns were not satisfied with one sole establishment: Cæsarea had at least three, Pompeii (half of which still remains to be excavated) shows at present three, while Timgad, a much smaller town than Pompeii, has the surprising total of thirteen. If we allow an average of only two or three baths to each of the forty sites in Algeria and Tunisia, it appears that the total number must have exceeded one hundred; and since the area under consideration formed less than a twentieth part of the empire, it can be no exaggeration to say that the total number built in imperial times ran into the thousands.

Nowhere but in Rome were there such palatial baths as those of Caracalla and Diocletian, but everywhere they followed the same principle, and offered, at least for bathing and exercising, the same comforts and conveniences. In the capital they were erected by the emperors or their ministers; the entrance fee was less than a farthing, but occasionally the "farthing baths" were

made free. At Pompeii and elsewhere wealthy citizens built them at their own expense, as a sure means of winning public favour and political appointments; but it can hardly be doubted that many seeming benefactors reimbursed themselves after election at the expense of the public.

In imperial times the custom was to bathe at least once a day, in the early afternoon; those who carried things to extremes bathed in the morning and evening as well. No doubt they considered themselves more refined in this respect than their ancestors, whose habit it was to bathe once a week. But there were men who disapproved of the prevailing fashion and had some very scathing things to say about it; Seneca, for one, who never tires of exposing the foibles of his fellow-men. He once stayed at a villa which had belonged two centuries before to Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, and wrote to a friend: "I have seen his baths (Scipio's), small and dark, such as the ancients were used to. Our fathers did not think a room could be warm unless it were dark. . . Who nowadays would be willing to bathe in such poor style? . . . But Scipio used his bath to wash off perspiration, not perfumes. . . . Do you know, he actually did not bathe every day! Those who describe the customs of old Rome tell us that people washed their arms and legs every day to remove the marks of toil; but washing the entire body took place only on market days. Some will say: 'How dirty they must have been! How disagreeable their odour!' I answer that they smelt of war and work, in a word they smelt like men. . . . There are those nowadays who do not think themselves becomingly perfumed unless they renew their scents two or three times a day, for fear they should evaporate. And these people are as proud of their perfumes as if their own bodies produced them."

Every day about noon a bell rang to announce the opening of the hot baths. At that hour the baths of Nero were "immoderately hot," and by 2 p.m. (in Martial's time at least) the heat had subsided. "The bell has rung," says an epigram of the period, "hurry up, or you'll only be in time for a cold bath." There was probably no fixed hour for the opening; it might vary

according to the season and the establishment, but all places closed at sunset. The public had no complications to fear from bathing soon after lunch, for the midday meal was so light that people often took it while standing.

A complete bath involved six operations; bathers usually followed the order here given, which caprice or fashion might change at times:

1. Exercises, more or less violent, either in the court or in the heating-room; if in the latter, the bather lifted heavy weights to induce perspiration and cleanse the pores of impurities. Martial ridiculed this kind of exercise: "Why waste the strength of your arms on silly weights? Working a vineyard is more worthy of a man."

2. Perspiring for a time in the heating-room.

3. A plunge in the hot bath to remove impurities and perspiration.

4. A rest in the warming-room. This room was so built that bathers were obliged to pass through it whether entering or leaving the heating-room; it enabled the body to pass without danger from the cool room to the violent heat of the heating-room, and *vice versa*.

5. A cold plunge.

6. The massage, anointing and perfuming of bathers took place in the warming-room or in a room set aside for the purpose; here were supplies of pomades, medicated ointments, perfumes, strigils (metal scrapers for use in "rubbing down"), oils and other toilet articles. Rich men brought their own attendants with them to act as masseurs; others paid the professional masseurs, depilators, and barbers who frequented the baths; the poor had no other recourse than to massage each other. Four operations put the finishing touch to the bather's toilette: massage, friction with the strigil, depilation and perfuming. And so, having spent from one to four hours in the baths, discussing business or politics, attending a dramatic performance, a lecture or a recitation, watching the athletic contests, listening to gossip, studying the latest picture or the latest book, our bathers would be carried home, each in his litter, to dress for dinner; no doubt they realized that they had received excellent value in return for their farthing, and were glad to be alive in

an age and an empire which could furnish such delightful pastimes.

Fashionable people were wont to visit the health resorts whose hot springs were recommended for certain maladies. Here the baths needed no artificial heating; hot spring water was simply pumped into the heating-room. Clusium (now Chiusi in Tuscany), Gabii near Rome, and Baiae, Cumae and Puteoli (now Pozzuoli) on the Bay of Naples were the most frequented resorts; those near Rome would naturally be favoured by elderly people who could no longer bear the fatigue of travel, but the younger set flocked to pleasure-loving Baiae and the enchanting shores of Campania. Martial complains: "Formerly I could tour all the well-known watering places, nor did I fear the long journeys; but now I prefer the resorts near Rome." For a short time during the reign of Augustus, Baiae and the neighbouring health resorts lost their prestige through a curious incident. Antonius Musa was the physician of Augustus, and therefore the most fashionable of Roman doctors. On one occasion his skill had saved the Emperor's life, whereupon the public in gratitude erected his statue in bronze in a conspicuous place. Those who were allowed to use his services followed implicitly whatever he prescribed. When the Emperor fell dangerously ill a second time, Antonius Musa cured him again, this time by cold baths and douches. From that moment cold baths became fashionable for many ailments which formerly had been treated by the hot springs of Baiae. The Baians noticed with annoyance that many prominent people who used to take the "cure" in their town were now going elsewhere. The poet Horace, who had formerly frequented Baiae, took the advice of the court physician and followed the new mode; he writes to a friend: "Antonius Musa thinks Baiae will do me no good; he will make me odious to the Baians, however, if I take cold baths in the middle of winter. Surely Baiae must regret that people have abandoned its myrtle groves, that they no longer prize its sulphur baths, reputed to cure so many chronic ailments." But fortunately for neglected Baiae, and unfortunately for the reputation of Antonius Musa, an accident changed the fashion again.

Musa had prescribed the " cold cure " for the Emperor's nephew, with the result that the young man died. So hot baths and sulphur springs came into vogue once more, and Baiae continued to prosper.

Everyone frequented the public baths, emperors, patricians and plebeians. The rich had private baths of their own, but only in the public places could they find the amusement and diversions which attracted the rest of Rome; there only could they hear the news day by day, and feel that they were a part of the life of the city. In the streets and elsewhere a man's dress betrayed his social standing, but in the baths there was a spirit of equality which, while it did not offend the patrician, contributed to the content and satisfaction of the plebeian, who was ever willing to rub shoulders with men of higher rank. A regulation compelled all bathers to disrobe completely before entering the warming-room, its object being to prevent the thefts of perfumes, ointments and bath utensils. Hence everyone went naked, and a democratic " camaraderie " was the result: pretence and superior airs are hard to put on when the clothes have been taken off.

In earlier times Roman society had observed certain conventions in regard to bathing which were later abandoned; Plutarch writes of Cato the Elder: " He never bathed with his son, for that was the custom at Rome. And even fathers-in-law would take care not to bathe with their sons-in-law; they would have been ashamed to appear naked before them. Since then the Romans have learned from the Greeks to bathe all together, and in turn they have taught the Greeks to bathe with women." Most towns must have had separate baths for women; at Pompeii the women's establishment is built on the usual plan and attached to the men's baths. In small towns each of the sexes may have used the same baths on alternate days. Aulus Gellius relates that in republican times a certain Roman consul, passing through a small Italian town, required every one to be turned out of the baths in order that his wife might use them for herself, an arbitrary but significant order. Time at length broke down the old conventions, and under the emperors promiscuous bathing became common. It is

unlikely, however, in spite of the growing licentiousness of the period, that any Roman lady of good family would use the baths unless they were reserved for her sex. There were rich women, indeed, of a haughty but degraded type, against whom Juvenal launched his sixth Satire, and these no doubt were responsible for Seneca's remark that a public bath is not the place where virtue abides.

Classical authors make many allusions to the amusing types of men who frequented the baths. There is the professional flatterer, seeking an invitation to dinner from one of that large class of Romans who are amenable to the grossest flattery. This kind of angler has no need to conceal his barb in a bait of subtlety, he simply presents the hook—"Your linen is whiter than snow" or "Achilles himself had no finer hair than yours"—and the victim swallows it. Near by is the professional host, who combs the baths for suitable guests. Here is a group of young men who have the strange habit of drinking wine before taking a plunge. Over there, sitting on the steps of the swimming pool, is Æmilius the gourmand, preparing to make a hearty meal of eggs, lettuce and fish. Then some one starts to sing, a rustic probably; he has just discovered that the echoes of these great halls enhance what he takes to be the beauty of his voice. But the song is drowned in a chorus of protesting howls; attendants may hum their professional air while working, but for a bather to sing is a mark of ill-breeding. Amid this confusion, and aided by it, there works quietly and stealthily the greatest pest of all—the bath thief. He is a recognized specialist; he operates only in public baths, and will steal anything from a pot of ointment to a costly garment. Two of these gentry, Vibennius and his son, have earned immortal notoriety in the works of Catullus, who calls the father "king of all bath thieves." Many an irate Roman, thanks to the dexterity of a Vibennius, had to go home in a closed litter. Bath attendants had the reputation of being rascals and thieves; it would not be unreasonable to suspect that at times they were in league with professional pickpockets, or with those poor but dishonest citizens who improved their wardrobe by taking a new cloak and leaving an old one in its place.

Public recitations were a feature of Roman life for

which there is no parallel today. Writers of established reputation, who usually gave private recitals in order to have a selected audience, could gauge the effect of their works before publishing them; and the first public hearing enabled them to make any alterations that the attitude of their audience might suggest. The younger Pliny chose July as the month in which to recite to his friends, as he then had leisure from his duties as an advocate. His letters show that he was overjoyed at the reception he received; in fact, he was a little surprised that his recitals should be so successful, considering the indifference with which other authors were received. The truth is that Rome at that time was burdened with too many authors, especially poets or would-be poets, all of whom insisted on giving recitations. With conscious (or unconscious) irony Pliny writes to a friend: "This year has brought a big supply of poets. During April hardly a day passed without some public recitation. Most of the people invited sit outside in some square, while their servants come from time to time to tell them when the author has arrived, and when he has finished his preamble; when he is well on in his recital, they at last enter the hall, slowly and regretfully. And they do not even stay to the end: some slink out stealthily, others leave openly and without embarrassment." Hopeful beginners and those whose verse was so bad that they could never hope to give a private recitation betook themselves to the baths. There at least they were sure of a large, if hostile, audience, and they knew, as Horace maliciously suggests, that in covered halls the voice re-echoes pleasingly. But the public was not kind to them; the more persistent ones were boycotted, like the poet Ligurinus, of whom Martial writes: "Would you like to know, Ligurinus, why no one wants to meet you, why everyone avoids you wherever you go, why you are left in solitude? It is because you are too much of a poet—a dangerous fault. Who, I ask you, could suffer such impositions as yours? Whether we are standing, sitting, running or resting, you constantly recite to us. I take refuge in the baths, but you hang to my ear. If I make for the swimming pool, you hinder me. I hasten to dinner and you still hold on. If I sit down to eat, you

drive me away. Tired out I fall asleep, but you wake me again. Please consider how much harm you do. You are just, honest and gentle: yet men fear you." Ligurinus was no doubt thankful for Martial's forbearance, and he had reason to be; there were others who met with less gentle remonstrances. One of Petronius's characters, a persistent poet, relates his own experience with charming candour: "I had hardly entered the bath than I was almost beaten because I tried to recite some verses to the bathers sitting around. Finally I was thrown out, just as on another occasion I was thrown out of the theatre; and the cloakroom attendant would not even give up my clothes till I had produced a witness."

There remains to give an account of private baths and their owners. Men of means hardly ever built a town house or a country seat without installing a set of baths as complete, though not as large, as the public establishments. Bathing had become an essential, one might almost say the chief, part of daily life, to which other activities were subordinated. Pliny the younger thus describes the methods of an old country gentleman whom he used to visit: "When the hour for the bath is announced, he walks awhile naked in the sun if there is no wind; then plays long and hard at ball, an exercise with which he fights off the approach of old age; and after bathing he lies down to rest before his meal." Pliny himself owned several country houses, all supplied with luxurious baths. One of them was his particular pride; he sends a description of it to a friend, and mentions "the hot swimming pool—a marvel in itself—for while swimming there you can see the sea." We should expect Seneca to denounce private luxury as well as public extravagance, and he does not fail us: "Today," he says, "we insist on baths which let in the sun at all hours of the day. We must be able to bathe and tan ourselves at the same time, while through the windows we watch the countryside or the sea. . . . And the baths are so hot that to execute a slave convicted of a crime it would only be necessary to bathe him alive. . . What shall I say of the baths of our wealthy upstarts! How many statues do they set up, how many columns (with nothing to support), all erected by the desire to spend money!"

But a Roman gentleman was above all a man of action; he could not stay idle, even in the baths. Before bathing he took plenty of exercise; afterwards, while being massaged, he would compose, dictate, or order a servant to read to him. In this way the Emperor Augustus composed a small collection of epigrams; unhappily they have not survived. The younger Pliny composed a book of poems at odd moments, while bathing, travelling or dining. His uncle, the indefatigable elder Pliny, put every spare minute to use; during massage after a bath it was his habit to dictate notes or to be read to. While travelling he devoted himself entirely to study; a secretary always accompanied him, carrying a book and writing tablets, and wearing gloves in winter "lest the cold should prevent him writing as fast as usual." Almost the last act of this old gentleman's life was to take a bath; and the circumstances were unique. He was in command of a squadron stationed in the Bay of Naples at the time of the great eruption of Vesuvius, and had taken some of his vessels close inshore to render aid to the terrified inhabitants and to study the eruption at close quarters. Showers of hot ashes, the fury of the elements and the repeated shocks which had dislocated the coast-line made landing impossible. "Fortune," said Pliny, "favours the brave: let us go to the house of Pomponianus," and they steered to the southern end of the bay, landing at Stabiae (now Castellamare di Stabia) where Pomponianus lived. Here, nine miles from Vesuvius, they were in less danger; but the inhabitants of Stabiae were panic-stricken. Pomponianus had already placed his belongings in boats, and was awaiting a more favourable wind. Pliny reassured his friend, and in order to allay the fears of the household by appearing unconcerned, he ordered a bath. Later he made a hearty meal, acting always with gaiety and unconcern. By this time Vesuvius appeared to be wrapped in sheets of flame; the fall of ashes, stones and lapilli increased, and to add to the horror the ground rocked constantly beneath their feet. But Pliny, undisturbed, retired to rest. Was it bravado on his part? His nephew says no, for the old man's snores could be heard from the front door, where the others had gathered. After a time they were obliged

to wake him: the ashes had almost filled up the courtyard, and would soon have blocked the door of his room. Earth tremors now became so violent that they decided to brave the falling ashes in the open rather than run the risk of being crushed by falling houses. For protection they tied pillows on their heads and made their way to the shore. There a sudden rush of gases put the rest to flight, but Pliny, stout and elderly, was unable to escape. He fell stifled by the poisonous fumes. Three days later friends recovered his body; his attitude was peaceful, as of one asleep. So died, by the hand of Nature, a man who had spent his life in pondering her ways.

In his "Natural History" the elder Pliny speaks of a freakish type of bath, which, from its very absurdity, deserves mention. It was made of metal, and suspended from the ceiling by a system of chains and pulleys. Herein the master of the house took his place, and at a given signal his servants hoisted him to a considerable height. By pulling on another chain a servant then imparted a gentle swinging motion to his master's "tub." Presumably those who took "suspended baths" found pleasure in swinging while the body soaked in warm water.

Private baths were often the scene of much drunkenness and horseplay, for bathing was soon found to refresh the body after indulgence. "Nero," says Suetonius, "prolonged his feasts from midday to midnight, restoring his strength by hot baths, and in summer by baths cooled with snow." This emperor also committed the extravagance of having his baths in the Golden House at Rome supplied with sea water as well as fresh water; and Rome was fifteen miles from the sea. One of Caligula's extravagances was to bathe in perfumes, both hot and cold. A good picture of the habits of a rich Roman upstart in decadent times can be found in Petronius. Trimalchio, the rich man, and his guests, feeling the effects of their wine-bibbing, decide to bathe, and one of the guests describes the scene: "Disrobing, we entered the bath, a narrow chamber, in which Trimalchio was standing, stripped. Here we were forced to listen to his empty boasting; what could be better, he asked, than to bathe undisturbed by a vulgar crowd? . . . Tired of

standing, he sat down; then, attracted by the echoes of the place, he drunkenly opened his mouth to the ceiling, and began to tear a song to pieces, a song by Menecrates, said those who could understand his jargon. Meanwhile some of the guests joined hands and danced around the bath, tickling each other and yelling with all their might. Some with hands tied fast tried to pick rings off the ground; others would kneel down and try to touch their toes by bending the head backwards."

The Emperor Caligula conceived the novel idea of installing a set of baths in his yacht. "He even built ships," writes Suetonius, "with ten banks of oars, fitted with multicoloured sails, their sterns set with jewels. They contained spacious baths, colonnades and dining-rooms and a great variety of vines and fruit trees. Here reclining, amid dancers and musicians, he would sail along the shores of Campania"—the enchanting shores which forty years later were laid waste by the eruption of Vesuvius.

Enough has been said to show what a large part public baths played in everyday life. After long and useful service, extending over some five hundred years, they fell into decay. Towards the end, when the empire itself was tottering, and men had lost confidence in its stability, they became places of great licence, and on this account were condemned by the Early Christians. In the sixth century victorious barbarians cut the aqueducts that supplied Rome with water, and the baths were used no more.

Aigues Mortes, the Town of the Dead Waters

By Eric Shepherd

(To visit Aigues Mortes, the town which is here described, and La Camargue, the immense plain upon which it stands, one must leave the train at Avignon, in itself a town of notable interest and charm, and travel thence by P.L.M. autocar through some of the most historical country in all France. But even these cars, some of the most up-to-date in the world, cannot altogether reassure the passenger amid the wildness of La Camargue, and when they enter the town of Aigues Mortes, under the several old gateways, they too are strangely subdued to the prevailing atmosphere of the place.)

In the far south of France, in Provence, that earliest and favourite province of the well-judging Romans, there stretches for hundreds of miles a great and notable flatness. Earth seems becalmed: the sea is not flatter in a prolonged lull of all the winds.

But it is a flatness neither stale nor unprofitable. Inland, this is a fair and smiling country with much grass and many trees, fruitful of the vine and olive, and very restful. The thoughts of earth are here of primordial things, and her mighty muscles are all in relaxation.

There are mountains, indeed, not far away—Alp and Cevenne—but no vestige of their altitudes shows up at clearest dawn upon the farthest horizon. Rather as one approaches nearer to the sea every undulatory tendency of earth sinks down, is subdued, has utterly subsided; the level is absolute and apparently infinite: not a hillock, not a knoll, not so much as a mound.

This region is not more flat than silent: towns are few and villages far between. One may travel swiftly for a long time and not see a farmhouse even, albeit here and there one of these stands back from the road, aloof, forbidding; a gaunt, square building, without trace of animation, the farmer being far afield, and his whole household with him, until evening. Wild horses are bred hereabouts, in vast and desolate paddocks skirting the sea, and the flown mane of one such, as it eschews

the stranger's approach, is often the only sign of life the traveller sees in hours upon a featureless road. Man in these parts—or even a cat—is an event.

The sea, when it is reached along this coast, has to the fancy a puzzled and tentative sound, as though it knew not what to make of an earth which contends with ocean in recumbency. But for this doubt of an ocean old and growing impotent, this misgiving of a sea long resigned to its margins, surely the whole plain must long since have been engulfed as far as the roots of the mountains. Walk those beaches on a day of storm and watch the waves rising higher, it seems, than any land in sight and craning each to look over it, as a squadron of cavalry might rise each man in the stirrup to gaze on a field of glory before the charge—one would think they still had heart for any venture. But they break, collapse, and others rise, only again to baulk, not consummate, their purpose, to "behold, not go." Sound and fury of an old sad sea, who knows what sanctions bind them! But for the most part it is a calm sea that licks these flats, for the half-gale of *mistral* which blows for ever has tired the waters to philosophy. Prone ocean, prone earth; if ships were crabs, they might proceed without check from horizon to horizon.

But if the sea has owned some law, and prostrate earth is left the mandatory of her cornlands and her vintages, between them, where they march together, is a lost region, unclassed, of compromise and promiscuity. Such is their mingling here, such oozing in of water and forlorn reassertion of land, it is hard often to determine at what point the sea properly begins or where is the land's end. Here earth is spongy with the sea, there sea is viscid with the earth; here earth is spoilt with brine, there sea discolours with mould; here far inland are mats of rotting seaweed, there some plant of earth's more generous nurture droops and turns sapless in acrid vapours off the sea. A deep silence dwells upon this desolation, broken, if at all, by the whinny of the wild steeds in the paddocks or the heavy winging of some heron in the sky.

Most notable of the watery encroachments are the dilated shallows of vast lagoons, around the vague edges

whereof a dry wind searches for ever in rank and ruined herbage. In extent, of many miles; spiritless as puddle; these are the Dead Waters.

Have they lost caste, these waters, that they hold so still and look so sad? All the boisterousness of their element gone out of them, they lie on earth's meek bosom like shorn Samson upon his couch. The wind cannot stir them, as shallow as they are; the wan expanse which they turn to the sky is without heart for a wave. Betrayed by the supination of earth, tamed by her very submission, they are impotent now. They are become eunuch through their own extravagance; sexless waters, shaming, not teeming, the fruitful earth.

Yet they are not ugly, these lost waters, only sad. They are sad as the beautiful mask of death is yet the saddest of all things; because its expression cannot change or the complexion of it be altered; because the spirit is departed.

Across the dead waters of such a lagoon look forth to this day the watch-towers of an old forgotten town, still as wholly enclosed within its four walls and behind its ramparts as when that Louis left it—the sainted warrior-king of France—to set out upon the Holy Wars. Last and most disastrous of the Crusades, it was here the host assembled, and it passed to its ships across these watery wastes in the boding of the wind. Strange, indeed, are the ways of God with man: carnal motive and brutal behaviour had known at least a partial success in the Holy Wars, but the pure and single purpose of a saint is utterly confounded.

The name of this town is Aigues Mortes; which, being interpreted, signifies *Dead Waters*. Perfection is a strong word, such as wise men use cautiously; but it may be used here. If it is the Middle Ages one would see, this town is *perfect* in its medieval wholeness, even as St. Louis left it. It was he, the warrior saint and king, who built these strong walls and raised these far-glancing towers that they might withstand the foes of France during the years of his pious absence and keep vigil upon the waters to hail his return. He returned, indeed, but not here; and not in triumph. He is long since dead. But the town of Dead Waters upon the dead waters is not dead; it has

lived on in its perfection to tell other generations of the days of St. Louis the king and of the warfare that he waged.

The *gardien* of these walls, he who takes one the tour of the ramparts, is a slight, sallow-faced man of nervous gesture and eager imaginative speech. No ordinary guide of set phrases droned or chanted, but one upon whom the wonder of his wardship dawns fresh at every circuit, so that pale lightnings seem to flash from his sickly face in the fervour of his exposition, and the leg that he gave to France St. Louis restores to him again. This town and its tale are his passion, and the many medals on his breast bear silent witness as he speaks that it is a proven warrior of to-day who tells of the wars of old.

Climb at the *gardien's* direction to the iron cage that tops the stronghold tower; there, in the full bluster of that perpetual tempest, for as long as its violence can be abided, one's single entity and focus of perception are felt to be the vital hub of a stupendous wheel whereof the circumference in once turning could cover a thousand miles. There is something terrific about the meekness and infinite prostration of earth, something eerie in the abjection of indeterminate sea. A silence more daunting than tumult assails on all sides, an impact of very emptiness. Only the wind travels, and the great clouds slowly to its urging upon the immensities of sky. Below lies the town of St. Louis, a huddle of bleached roofs within the close embrace of its walls. For the rest, a strenuous calm of boundless plain maturing its manifold harvest, an impotence of sequestered water sorrowing for the sea: that is the view; all within the orbit of a perfect circle, under a magnificence of sky. It is a wheel, the beholder is the hub; upon some central point in his brain innumerable millions of straight lines exactly converge, and his consciousness seems so certainly the force which attracts and holds them together that he almost fears lest chaos should return when the worrying wind shall have driven him to leave go.

But if the wind is a trouble upon the heights, it is none the less to that wind that the preservation of towers and walls is owing. There is no canker of damp in its sustained gust, such as rots the stability of stone, but a

dryness that fortifies; blowing from age to age without abatement, the same wind filled out the sails of St. Louis towards the East, and expanded the banners of the Christian host. The corsair has ceased to threaten, and the pirate and the Moor; but the walls which were built to withstand these foes have withstood a deadlier and more persistent, and Time itself with all the odds on its side has made no head against them. In a visionary triumph of St. Louis, could his argosy return and he himself, from some high poop under the lilies of old France, look once again on the walls his care made strong, his work should scarcely seem strange to him. At us and such as us walking upon those ramparts he might, indeed, marvel, but at the ramparts themselves, and at the town which they enclose—hardly. And if the little *gardien* were about with his many medals and his wooden leg, it is in one's heart that he would know St. Louis the king, and his sallow face light up in worship and in homage.

That is the truth about Aigues Mortes; it seems still to expect the return of St. Louis in triumph from the Holy Wars. "Could ye not watch one hour?" Christ asked of His disciples; and, lo, the little faithful town has watched near seven hundred years for a lesser than Christ, and watches still. Do ghostly sentinels strain their gaze along the moon-paths of night, asking of one another in whispers and with signs: "Is this at length the king? And comes again his argosy?" But if they do so ask, they are deceived by the sound of the wind in the reeds around the dead waters and by the phantasm of moonlight upon the moving surface of the sea. For the king is long dead and gone, as we well know; and the very lilies which he flew are pressed now within the pages of old chronicles seldom unclasped.

But Aigues Mortes does not know this, or knowing it, will not believe. Darkness seems never to fall upon the little packed streets within the walls, but there is a wistful sense of that perhaps during the night which is fallen there will come a cry of exceeding joy from the ramparts and a stampede of eager feet for the worn steps leading to the walls. Then, indeed, were a kindling of lights and a donning of best attire; then, indeed, a ringing of bells and devout exultation of heart. How hurriedly, but with

what loving gladness were those apartments prepared which the king left to set forth on the Holy Wars; the great canopy of the bed, with its curtains *fleurs-de-lys*, the fair blanched linen, the coverlet of many fine colours. What a waking and muffling of children, that they might not fail in after years to say: "Our parents took us from our beds, and even upon us also fell the shadow of the sainted king!"

But night wears on towards dawn, and dawn comes up in chastened splendour over the dead waters; the king is not come. It was a dream of the night that he came again; with a ringing of bells, a kindling of lights, and children roused from their sleep. Only in dreams does Aigues Mortes waken, and with the waking of her sleepers she slumbers again.

Only in dreams is the little faithful town awake, and one must wander in phantasy to see her in her uprising. But it is not hard to dream in these quiet streets, on these old walls, and in the silent towers; rather is it hard to wake, and a little sorrowful—for oneself, too, were glad to welcome St. Louis come again, as any triumph from the Holy Wars. God grant these wars may never cease, and kings of men be never wanting to set forth from the little strongholds of love and faith with whetted sword in hand, to undertake them.

It was Louis, the sainted king of France, who built the walls and raised the towers of Aigues Mortes that they might withstand the foe during the years of his pious absence and keep vigil upon the waters to hail his return. The corsair has ceased to threaten, and the pirate and the Moor, but the walls which were built to withstand these foes have withstood a deadlier and more persistent, even Time itself, and stand as they stood, looking out across the dead waters to the living sea.

In the far south of France, in Provence, there stretches a great and notable flatness, whereupon the sea has encroached, forming lagoons of lifeless water. And upon one such lagoon look forth the watch-towers of an old forgotten town, complete within its four walls, even as St. Louis left it who was the king, to this day. And the name of this town is Aigues Mortes; which, being interpreted, signifies *Dead Waters*.

Abdullah and the Government

By E. A. Newton

THE Government of India has had many critics. It is therefore just as well that it has one enthusiastic friend. His admiration for it knows no bounds, and he praises it with untiring tongue. This unusual devotion does not spring from an abnormally developed loyalty. On the north-eastern frontier such an attitude would be rightly suspect. The hill tribes give small encouragement to eccentricity. Not even the Government can hope to secure approbation of their passionate character, except in exchange for value received.

Abdullah Khan the Taheri tells the tale thus, of an evening, sitting among his relatives and neighbours, while the crimson sunset lights are dying on the snow peaks and the mists begin to cover the tree-tops thousands of feet below. It is an old tale now, but it has never varied, and it keeps its freshness through the years. That may be because it has in it the ingredients of all great stories: youth, passion, a fair woman, battle, murder, and sudden death.

Those who hear it thrill to its call, and look forward to the time when, the soul of Abdullah having passed to Allah's Paradise, they will be able to boast of having listened at first-hand to one of the classic stories of the border.

According to Abdullah it is only putting temptation irresistible in the path of honest Paharis to send them down from their hills to deal with the unbelievers who dwell in the plains. The latter are feeble folk, morally and physically. It is no credit to outface or to over-reach them. Every sympathy is therefore due to the Government which has the arduous task of ruling so many millions. As well set a man of ability to direct the destinies of a colony of rock rabbits as put him in charge of a district thick with Hindus. Yet since Allah in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to allow of the existence

of such creatures, the wise man will take things as he finds them.

It was apparently in this spirit that Abdullah as a young man went down to help his uncle in the matter of buying and selling horses. From his own account—and who should know better?—there was no subtler dealer on the southern side of Samarkand. No one had so keen an eye for the points of a horse, or, which was a rarer gift, for the points of a fine woman. His uncle relied wholly on his judgment in the former matter, the latter having ceased to interest him. Together, attended by their servants, they worked through the country of the Five Rivers. They had even been to Delhi eastward, and along the changeful Indus till it emptied itself into the great black water near Karachi.

It was a fine life while it lasted. The long marches in the early mornings and late evenings, the rests at noon and night, the days spent at fairs picking out bargains or unloading disappointments on those void of knowledge; all these things were cheerful and pleasant enough. And ever as they travelled the store of rupees grew larger, left in sure hands, to be claimed when they set their faces homeward to escape the hot weather.

Year after year went past, until the uncle retired to enjoy his last days in peace and Abdullah took the drove alone. Still he prospered, and would doubtless have grown far richer but for the thing that happened one glowing summer evening at the turning of the tonga road that climbs upward amid the foothills of the Himalayas, that mighty well of glacier and granite that severs India from the varied peoples of the world beyond.

Abdullah was making his way homeward with light heart and heavy pockets when he first met the lady known far and wide along the highways as the Rosebud of Rampur. He had heard of her loveliness and had listened carelessly. What could these unbelievers know of such things? She was probably either a mountain of fat or a thin hop-pole, like so many of her vaunted sisters, the idols of shopkeepers and Babus, unworthy of a single glance from a judge of female excellence such as he: none the less he had promised himself that when he came through Rampur he would look into the matter.

There was no difficulty in finding the lady. The feet of her admirers had trodden a broad path from the bazaar to her window. The Pahari, his hand on his knife, swaggered carelessly along it, while men drew aside to left and right before him. It was never healthy to jostle such a stranger. Apart from all questions of caste and religion, the men of the hills resented with quick fury anything in the nature of a personal affront. Nowhere under the arch of heaven does the cold steel leap so readily to light. Nowhere is it less possible to refuse it its due toll of blood.

The Rosebud leaned out of her window and laughed at Abdullah. He stood still as if struck with a great stone between the eyes. He had never seen so peerless a beauty. She shone in the dusky by-street like a star mirrored in a mountain pool. In the tone of her laugh was the chime of silver bells, and her eyes held forgetfulness of all earthly things. He gasped and gazed. At length he flung his arms out wide, and marched into that lowly dwelling with the stride of a conquering king.

For days he lay enslaved, unheeding his men who grumbled and swore at this enchantment. Then he became aware of rivals whose fierce jealousy was a leaping and devouring flame. Three such he had taken in his strong arms and hurled headlong, so that their heads crashed against the well that stood before the door. But one who came not in yet stood and swore without. He was a Sikh, a police constable, who held himself backed by all the mysterious majesty of order and law. He would not stoop to personal wrestle or an exchange of knife thrusts with a wandering Pahari, still less would he renounce his pursuit of the Rosebud, in whose favour he had stood first before the coming of Abdullah.

The pride of the Sikh forbade his closing with his enemy in the house. He must tarry until he could lay his hand on the Pahari with all the weight of the law. So he made searching and delicate inquiries, even going so far as to question the servants, bribing them with the prospect of an early return to their homes could their master's infatuation be dispelled. This, he suggested, might easily be accomplished by an arrest on some light charge which would lead to his separation from the

object of his desire. A few nights in the gaol-khana and the Pahari's senses would return to him.

So a complaint was made of some little error, a thing negligible except for its consequences. It was a foolish matter, the selling of a horse twice over to different unbelievers on the same day, but the handling of the matter touched Abdullah's honour. The Sikh obtained a paper, a warrant for the Pahari's arrest, and with this he took his colleagues. They stood in the narrow road and called Abdullah forth. His answer was a string of curses.

Then they tried to rush the house. Abdullah held the doorway with his knife. The casualties of that affair were one policeman removed to hospital with a wrist nearly severed from his arm, and a second knocked senseless, with a lump as large as a pigeon's egg on his head.

The Sikh decided on a blockade, with the assistance of volunteers. For two days and one night Abdullah held out. Then sleep fell on him, and he laid himself down with his head on the Rosebud's lap and her promise plighted to rouse him in case of need. He slept heavily, and she watched him with level brows. Then she raised her eyes and parleyed through them with the assailants. Gently she drew the knife from his belt and placed it aside out of his reach. When all was ready, she beckoned and the police crept warily in and seized her lover. Abdullah struggled mightily, but he was overpowered by numbers.

The Sikh's plot worked itself out to its fulfilment. Justice laid a detaining finger on Abdullah. In the shelter of the whitewashed gaol he sat and brooded on his vengeance. For three long weeks he studied it and made it a thing complete and satisfactory. The main scheme of it was simple. He would take in payment of the slight upon his honour the woman's beauty and the man's life. No more, and no less. The details would be more complicated.

Evidently he must deal first with the woman. He must slash her face and have done with her before striking at the Sikh. For when the dog of an infidel was dead, there would be no more place for Abdullah in Rampur.

His final blow delivered, he must be ready to make for the frontier at once. He had settled a few preliminary arrangements. He had sent forward the drove with his servants, keeping only the fleetest of his mares. She was tended for him in Rampur at the stable of a friend, and once his work was done, she would bear him swiftly beyond all possible pursuit. He smiled grimly as he thought of the story of that wild ride. It consoled him for the knowledge that at the moment he sat like a common thief in the public prison while those two mocked him and drank their fill of the waters of stolen love.

On the day of his release he hid himself until nightfall in the house of his friend. He looked carefully to his arms, new ones, his knife having been taken from him when he was condemned. He tested and approved their temper. He satisfied himself that the mare was fresh and had been kept in exercise for the work that would be required of her. He arranged all matters of money, and that there should be due witnesses to prove an alibi if necessary. He meant to do his work cleanly and skilfully, but the wise man always takes count of possible accidents. He cleaned his rifle thoroughly, he whetted the blade of his new knife until it could split a hair. He saw to the provisions that the mare must carry, the maximum of nutritive power to the minimum of weight. There was an empty bag besides to hold the proof of his exploit. Those to whom his tale would have to be told would assuredly look for that.

By the time that he had completed his various tasks the spy whom he had sent out to watch his quarry came back with his report. It had been even as he guessed during his meditations in the gaol. The Sikh had passed every night since Abdullah's conviction with the Rosebud, or at least such portions as had not to be spent on duty. He was at that moment in the little house. It might be that he would leave it for a while at intervals. The spy knew no more than that. The knowledge was enough for Abdullah. Having dismissed the spy with an adequate reward, he ate a final meal with his friend. Then he bade him farewell as a man bids farewell to one in whose house he has found shelter, knowing that he will never pass that way again. At a late hour he strode forth

on his errand of destruction, treading lightly, with every nerve and muscle braced for action, the mare stepping delicately behind him as if she also realized the need for silence and speed.

They passed down the road in which stood the Rosebud's house, blind and shuttered. There was no sound within. Abdullah held up a hand and the mare stood still. He bent his head and listened at the door, that door which he had once so well guarded with his knife. Still no movement, but he could hear the deep breathing of a single sleeper. He prized the bolt back silently with his knife point and slid into the darkness inside with the stealthy padding of a stalking tiger.

His foot touched the side of a mat and he dropped quickly on one knee. He clutched a throat with his left hand and slashed sharply, once, twice, and again. There was a frenzied struggle. Then he stood up. As his left hand unclosed, a scream of terror rent the night. He passed through the door again and vaulted to the saddle. As the mare sprang away, a window was flung open and a shot rang out. He turned at the sound and saw, leaning out overhead, the Rosebud of Rampur. Her eyes were alight with mockery and her beauty undimmed. She held a still smoking pistol. What could have happened? He realized with rage in his heart that he must have wasted his vengeance on a servant. He thought of going back to finish the work. But the whole quarter was alive. A couple more bullets whizzed past him. It was time to go. He rode sullenly on. He had missed the woman. There remained the Sikh. Him he could not miss, for his duty would drive him close along the track of the slayer. That was well.

He drew rein, and waited for a moment. He saw a crowd gathering at the far end of a street. Pointing fingers singled him out and a rush was made towards him. Among his foremost pursuers he noted the dark police uniform of the Sikh. He rode on, gently, just beyond their reach.

Then, quite suddenly, he was aware that he must fly for his life. A motor-car was standing in a by-street and the crowd was shouting the fact to the Sikh. He saw the rapid colloquy that followed, and heard the

cranking of the engine while his enemy with three others climbed into the car. This made a difference. The devil carriage would soon catch the mare on the tonga road, and there would be no footing for her on the steep face of the mountain that it crossed in its ascending spirals. He must ride hell for leather and trust to a Pahari's luck. Otherwise he would be shot down like a running jackal.

He set spurs to the mare's sides and shot forward like an arrow. He heard the regular pulsation of the pursuing car. Through the town they flew, out beyond the last lamps along the white riband of the climbing road. His case looked hopeless. It was then that the Government of India stood his friend. The Public Works Department had at last, and after many years, decided, in view of the fact that many accidents had happened at a certain sharp elbow of the tonga road, to build a low wall at that spot.

Nothing will ever convince Abdullah that this decision had any other object than to save him from danger and to deliver the Sikh policeman into his hand. The infidel had boasted, even in the magistrate's court, that he stood high in the favour of the Government. Wherein the dog lied, for else how should the Government have done what it certainly did to compass his destruction that night? All of a sudden, springing up there as by magic before Abdullah's eyes was the most ideal cover that a man could have desired. A wall that the mare could leap; a yard or two of earth lower down on which she could stand and wait, a perfect shelter for his body and a rest for the barrel of his rifle. The Government had done its part really well. In Abdullah it would find a worthy accomplice.

The devil carriage came up snorting and triumphant. The Pahari's leap over the wall had been plainly witnessed. Doubtless in desperation he had preferred death to capture. No horse that was ever foaled could keep its feet on that sheer slope. Besides, the rider had been seen to drop from the saddle. His body was probably lying crushed and broken some hundreds of feet down. The car pulled up and the Sikh descended from it. He ran eagerly towards the low wall. Abdullah pressed the trigger. The policeman half-spun round on his heels and dropped where he stood. The driver of the car and his

companions sat stunned and silent. They dared not move. Who knew how many cartridges the Pahari might still have? Abdullah ordered them off sternly. They trembled and obeyed. On foot they stumbled down the road again and he covered them with his rifle until they were out of sight.

Then he whistled to the mare. She leapt the wall and came to him. He patted her glossy neck. With his knife he proceeded to cut and slash the tyres.

There was one thing more to do, also the work of the knife. He severed the Sikh's head and placed it in the empty bag. He swung the trophy from his saddle bow.

Two days later he rode proudly through his village. The mare was spent; but she would not be needed again. Abdullah's travelling days were ended. His honour was washed white in the blood of the transgressor. The dead head settled that small matter. It was tossed later over a precipice to the kites.

As for the woman, well, she was a woman and did not really matter. One female face at least had been marked for ever. It was not likely that the Rosebud herself would dare to live any longer in Rampur.

If any further proof were needed of the full connivance of the Government in the affair, it might be found in the fact that it made no attempt either then or later to annoy Abdullah. A dead policeman was, after all, not so rare an object as a dead donkey, and in all the circumstances his superiors were probably not anxious to make much stir about the Sikh. In India when the mighty fall tongues are loosened, and it may well have been that the memoirs of the victim, as related by his neighbours when the curb of his presence was removed, verged on the unprintable.

It is none the less true that Abdullah will never allow the smallest reflection to be cast in his presence on the honour and integrity of the Government of India.

Toujours Perdrix

By W. Senior

PAGAN, a censorious sprite,
Scheming how he should requite
Imis, who had scorned his flame,
To the damsel's wedding came:
"Lo!" quoth he, "my magic rears
For your pleasure and your dear's
This fair palace soaring high
Poised on piers of porphyry;
See its arabesque saloons
Lit by lamps like amber moons,
Where divans of sarcenet
Are by perfumed fountains set,
And the dainties of all lands
Come ere twice you clap your hands:
But mark this—'tis only yours
Whilst you keep within its doors."
"Gentle Pagan," Imis said,
"Now I'm to my Philox wed,
Centuries could only prove
The crescendo of our love,
And such music to intern,
Thank you, gives us no concern."
Promptly Pagan, with a grin,
Took his keys and locked them in—
But again within the year
Grinned more grimly still to hear
Two far-sundered voices shout
"Pray, good Pagan, let us out!"

Dry Punch

LINES by a half-incredulous American on hearing that *Punch* has decided to print no more liquor advertisements:

And can it be that *Punch* has joined
The "drys" (to use a word we've coined
Here in the States), and coyly shrinks
From advertising ardent drinks,
Whose welcome warm from age to age
So long adorned his genial page?
Long have we known Martini dry,
Could anything with Mumm's Dry vie,
Except dry Monopole? but why
On earth,
Dry Punch?

How we shall miss the genial spell
Thrown over us by French Martell,
And Johnnie Walker, Gordon, Bass,
Canadian Club: all these must pass;
All these, and more, to memory dear,
Names whose mere sound suggests good cheer.
Now, we who would our troubles steep
In glowing healths, five fathoms deep,
Like Mr. Pickwick in his sleep,
Murmur, alas!
Cold Punch.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Gifts of Modern Science

"That's the chap I was telling you about," said Heddle, pointing to a retreating customer.

"Which of thim?" asked Sergeant Murphy.

"The one that's so clever with the wireless. I was round at his place last night and he got Montreal. I heard it distinctly."

"You did, did you? And was it such a wondherful programme?"

"Oh," said Heddle, "I wasn't bothering about that. Of course, the B.B.C. programmes are the best of the lot. But I wanted to say that I had heard Montreal."

"Well, you've said it. The honour's yours, and I'm not begrudgin' it to you," replied the Sergeant. "If you feel that listenin' to an Eskimo glee party, relayed from the North Pole, is goin' to make you a better man and ratepayer, so much the better. But it would take more than that to dhrag me across the road on a cold night."

"You can't deny that it's a wonderful thing for a chap sitting in London to hear the voice of a man talking in Australia, can you?"

"I cannot. It is a wondherful thing. So is a flash of lightnin'. But I'm not goin' crazy with enthusiasm over wan or the other. Be the way thim wireless experts talk you'd think that gettin' into communication with Timbuctoo was compinsation for bad thrade and rotten weather. I suppose if I were to ask your frind, he'd put me through to Mexico. What the divil good would that do me? A Mexican has no message for me, even if I undherstood what he was thryin' to say. In the same way I've no intherest in a Mexican except perhaps to ask him if them big hats he's addicted to causes premachoor baldness.

"Mind you, Heddle, I'm not the man to quarrel with science or invintion. Workin' as I do in a five-storey buildin', I've the heartiest respect for the man that invinted lifts. And it's grand to think that at night I've only to clap a pair of head-phones to me ears to hear

Profissor Somebody explainin' the muscular system that makes the frog the champion gymnast, for his weight, in the world. And it's grander still to know that be leavin' the head-phones alone I don't have to listen at all and can concenthrate me thoughts on the Grand National.

"But between me and you there's too much fuss bein' made about what science is doin' for us.

"I read lately that an Italian is buildin' an aeroplane to thravel at three hundhred miles an hour so that it could take you to America in haff a day. But who'd be in such a hurry as that to go to America? And what sort of a pleasure thrip would it be thravellin' through space at five miles a minute with your lungs poundin' agen your backbone?

"There's heaps of invintions, Heddle, that are as wondherful in their way as a nine-foot man—and about as useful.

"I'm told that in a few years' time whin you're phonin' to anny wan, all you'll have to do will be to press a button and the face of the fellah you're talkin' to will appear before you. Now whether that'll be an advantage or not depinds a good deal on the face, but in anny case, except for courtin' couples, there's nothin' in the invintion, as far as I can see, that will make life a brighter and more hopeful pilgrimage than it is at present.

"I'd much rather hear that some genius had discovered a sure cure for corns, an instantaneous silencer for Red orators at sthreet corners, or a way to make cold mutton fit to eat on the third day.

"Did you ever read that forecast by wan of thim scientists about what the world'll be like a hundhred years hince? The sky full of aeroplanes doin' five thousand miles an hour or more, hordes of Chinamen and Red Indians dhroppin' into London for tea, every man in constant communication with his wife, who'll be able without stirrin' from home to see every mortal thing he does whin he's away, loud speakers all over the place raisin' a row, and so on.

"Well, he may be right or he may be wrong, but in anny case I'm takin' no chance. So if a fellah calls at my place and gives the name of Steinach, I'll tell the missus to say that I'm not at home."

Choosing a Play

By Horace Shipp

Cocks and Hens. By C. K. Munro. (Royalty.)
The Blue Comet. By Eden Phillpotts. (Court.)
No Gentleman. By A. and P. Stuart. (St. Martin's.)
Interlude Theatre Guild and Playroom Six Productions.

LOOKERS-ON proverbially see most of the game, but however closely we may look, it remains impossible to decide what principle guides the choice of plays in the London theatre. In the more blatant commercial houses it would seem to be pure "Do-it-again-Daddyism." A conspicuous success in any one kind of play is only withdrawn at the end of a long run to make room for itself under a new name. Meantime it has, as often as not, invaded other playhouses; until, when at last even revised nomenclature can no longer aid it, the type fails dismally under one of its aliases, and distraught managements plunge wildly through half a dozen failures before they find another play to repeat *ad nauseam*.

This question of play choosing, however, is not raised at the moment by any such use of vain repetition, but by the strange phenomenon of the first choice of the Forum Theatre Guild. Let it be said at once that the Guild is the white hope of the London theatre; and since the model upon which it is based—the Theatre Guild of New York—carried on to the fulfilment of its task through two or three bad starts, the failure of *Cocks and Hens* may be taken almost as a good augury for the future. At this juncture one has only an academic interest in the motives which caused the committee to choose Mr. Munro's play. Was this, too, an instance of choice by repetition? Was the formula: *At Mrs. Beam's* was a success; *Cocks and Hens* is the same as *At Mrs. Beam's*; ergo, *Cocks and Hens* must be a success? I think there is little doubt that the Forum Theatre Guild will succeed just in so far as it does not argue along any such lines. At the risk of being reproved for armchair omniscience, I believe that if the Guild sets its face sternly towards

artistry, and away from the box-office, it will succeed. I have a faint hope that Mr. Munro's play was chosen on the strength of his reputation with such serious non-commercial work as *The Rumour*. That also may be a very mistaken method of choosing a play, but it is not so certainly fatal as that of watching the past popularity of an author or a type of play. At least it is not so fatal in any theatre organization which is out to intrigue the intelligent theatre-goer. Surely, if the Forum Guild believes in its own mission and in the existence of its own public, these latter are more likely to be drawn into its subscription list by avowedly intellectual work than by the type of play which in its most successful manifestations finds place in any West End theatre. Thus we welcome the announcement of the production of Pirandello's *Naked*. Nobody else in London is offering us Pirandello, and there are intelligent theatre folk wanting to see his work. It becomes a splendid gamble whether this vanguard intelligentsia will lead the crowd into the Guild as they led it to Ibsen, to Tchehov, within very recent theatre history.

On these lines at the moment the Theatre Guild has a clear field; and, what is more hopeful, a field which has already been prepared by a sequence of successful serious managements. The Reandean organization has disintegrated; and if one part of it is drawing the town with *The Constant Nymph*, the other has descended from *Berkeley Square* (which was a play in its own good tradition) to *No Gentleman*, which isn't. Sir Barry Jackson, who also has played a prominent part in creating a worthy London theatre, has now run after *The Farmer's Wife*. The Macdona Players will be leaving London to continue their good work elsewhere; the Barnes season of Tchehov is ended. We need the Forum or some other.

Let it be granted that *The Blue Comet* is amusing enough work, well produced, and with a number of good things said. It has, too, that sort of Browning philosophy of all's right with the world (at least with the English corner of it) which Mr. Phillpotts has made peculiarly his. So long, indeed, as we are not asked to accept the play as a contribution to drama in the big sense, we will give ourselves up to enjoying it, and will not probe into

its characterization, its psychology, its relation to things as they are, or any other dubious part of its composition. Let us assume that strong, awkward millionaires from Australia make havoc among the blue china, first editions and maiden hearts of futile folk in Hampstead, that everybody but butlers is splendid in face of destruction. Let us even assume that people with £900 a year keep butlers and dress for dinner nightly; but forgive us that we cannot regard *The Blue Comet* as being in the great tradition of dramatic art.

No Gentleman is in no better case. Again the piece will hold our interest by its story, its quietly happy lines, and most by Miss Athene Seyler's acting; again, seriously considered, it is the veriest stage stuff as to plot, insight into human nature, or knowledge of the mere facts of existence as most of us live it.

With Sir Barry Jackson and Mr. Rea, the two patrons of fine drama most likely to give us first-rate work, presenting us with this frankly secondary effort, where are we to look for a continuance of the better type drama? If the Theatre Guild will respond to that need with some of the plays which they have already announced as in their programme, I believe their place is assured.

In the meantime some of us are watching interestedly the work of certain of the experimental groups, who, freed from the awful economic pressure of the normal theatre, are enabled to show work which stands or falls by its sheer artistry. Thus the Interlude Theatre Guild, giving occasional performances in the Blackfriars Theatre, can show us Mr. Arnold Ridley's *The God o' Mud*, an excellent play of the Repertory type, well produced and well acted. Thus the Playroom Six in a little room in New Compton Street, or the Gate Theatre Salon in Floral Street, continue with regular *repertoires* of serious plays. They may lack the slickness, the polish of the professional theatre, but if we can see the best drama only in these semi-professional hands, we shall gratefully go to them.

Books

CRITICAL STUDIES

NOTES ON DEMOCRACY. By H. L. MENCKEN. Cape. 6s.

THE United States, it is urged, is a country which has never grown up, retaining the crudity and vaingloriousness which make the manœuvres of youth so patent to the elder. It contains in Mr. Mencken an *enfant terrible*, who says out boldly the things that most people conceal or paraphrase, and, as modern civilization is deeply concerned with compromise and suppression of fact, this rôle is both unusual and useful, when it has knowledge and reason behind it. Mr. Mencken is occasionally carried too far in his generalizations and conclusions, and is above all things a good hater. But his genuineness cannot be doubted, and he scorns the suggestion made against him that he is in the pay of anyone, a frank example of the corruption so common that those guilty of it must suspect it in others. He shows that the politics and the judicial bench of America have both been degraded by the standards familiar among bosses, and points to the treatment of the decent exceptions. The still surviving aristocracy in England—of brains as well as birth—makes, he contends, a difference in public life. Fear and envy are recognized as two of the leading motives which influence the mob. They do not want liberty, which is a strange principle taking some generations to understand and appreciate: they want to be safe and comfortable; they want *panem et circenses*. The most brilliant of democracies, Athens, is significant for the student of the subject. Its great leader Pericles restricted the franchise and made a further extension of public payment. Plato thought this a corruption of the Athenian character; Aristotle could not approve of a nation of salaried paupers. We think of this when we reflect on our own dole and read Mr. Mencken's exposition of all that is done to keep the public quiet. The people, he says, are sovereign and, when they choose to act, Congress trembles and takes notice; but in general they are exploited by an oligarchy which exactly understands their fears and can raise convenient bugaboos for any occasion. "The Puritan," wrote Macaulay, "hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." The sentence would please Mr. Mencken, who lumps the Puritans with the democratic leaders as impossible humbugs, retaining amongst other things an Oriental view of the subjection of women which history has begun to recognize. The Prohibitionists and the Fundamentalists are an easy prey for his scornful criticism, and he is particularly pungent on the disappointed Bryan as a religious protagonist. Such astonishing tyrannies as the anti-Darwin trial are direct negatives of any idea of intellectual liberty

One encouragement of inferior men Mr. Mencken finds in the rule that States must have local representatives, and leading men cannot, as in this country, represent constituencies where they have no birthright or special connections.

The book is a damning indictment, and the answer to be made is by no means clear. If it is more of the intelligentsia and less of the crude boss and his candidate at the top, there is recent history and Wilson to consider. V. R.

MAN: AN INDICTMENT. By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI. Constable. 14s.

MR. LUDOVICI has a scale of values and opinions which can hardly expect general assent, but his solid and searching work is eminently calculated to make people think, to suggest the importance of questions which have often been put aside or shelved as improper or unsuitable for further discussion. The new way of going seriously and scientifically into vital things is far preferable to the old ideas of an innocence which is sheer ignorance and so leads to sudden disaster. Here he discusses man's position with regard to woman, the physiological differences and development of the two sexes, man's right to be master, and woman's notorious occupation of new spheres and claims of recent years. At present "everything today contributes to the establishment of conditions in which the woman whose femaleness is recessive flourishes best." Is this, Mr. Ludovici asks, development which is advisable or justifiable? Do not women make claims unsupported by history and bolstered up by concessions on the part of men which create a false sense of values? There is a great deal in what he says, though all his arguments do not carry conviction. Feminine exhibitionism has certainly reached a great height in the popular Press which shows an immense interest and outlay on women's clothes, as if they were more important than anything said or written by the wisest men. We cannot afford to become a mere nation of shopkeepers. Romance can hardly be killed while human nature remains what it is, but it might have been well to point out that the devastating and perverted virtue known as sentimentalism is of comparatively modern origin, and played little part among the Elizabethans. Today it encourages that fuss about children of which Mr. Ludovici speaks and preserves the unsound at the expense of the sound.

Mr. Ludovici shows on the best authority that *Mutterrecht* does not mean matriarchy in the sense of women's rule. He seems to put Homer and Hesiod together as presenting the beginnings of Greek culture; but Homer, who shows in his Nausicaa a delicacy unknown to Greek practice for many years, is now regarded as belonging to the end of a civilization whose flowering

time has been lately revealed to us. Mr. Ludovici's attack on humour will surprise many, but it is due to a feeling that it is really an evasion of downright statement. Irony, for instance, is a defence which pledges the speaker to little. We read that there are no jokes in the New Testament, but there are two puns, on Peter and Onesimus. Scholars of today will hardly accept De Quincey, fine writer as he is, as an authority on ancient Greek. Mr. Ludovici cites much more formidable names in philosophy and science. He recognizes masculine degeneracy in yielding to women as general, but the present age, which has cast aside much cant and unhealthy suppression of vital facts, should have the means to improve on its predecessors, when the strain of the war, leading to widely diffused lack of balance, ceases to operate. Books like Mr. Ludovici's should be a real help to advance, which means discipline in mind and body.

POLITICAL FIGURES

THE LAST VICTORIANS. By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN. Benn. 18s.

MR. BAUMANN proclaims himself an unrelenting Tory, who sees in the last twenty years little hope for the future and nothing really great. We are living, he says, in the age of the Not-Quites and the Just-Nots. The war produced only two heroes, and they were women, Edith Cavell and Elsie Inglis. But if these studies are not hopeful they have two advantages over the ordinary writer. Apart from two literary figures, the author has seen and heard all of his Victorians, and has spoken with many of them. Thus he can realize personalities after which the modern essayist has to grope. Further, he does not indulge in the timorous paraphrase which conceals failures and gives an uncertain sound about reputations. He knows his mind and writes it out in pungent prose; the result is

> Truth smoothly told and pleasantly severe.

He can appreciate the good points of Lord Oxford, yet explain what an ignorant muddle the Liberals made of the approaching war. He can denounce the Coalitions of 1916 and 1918 as "the two rashest and most corrupt governments the country has ever seen."

At Balliol he was under Jowett, and gives details of that astute master of worldly wisdom which impress us more than anything in the comparatively dull life by two dons. He shows throughout the points which go to make and mar a political career. Parliament, where Burke and Addison, Erskine and Scarlett failed, is a queer test of reputations. One man, excellent on the platform, is a heavy speaker in the Commons; another cannot keep his temper; a third is too versatile and led away to other pursuits, while a fourth goes beyond his cleverer colleagues by dint of

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sheer honesty and character. Character was the making of Lord Salisbury, whom Mr. Baumann exhibits as exquisitely courteous and a glutton for work, but his beginnings were not noble, and he never understood the average man. A practical knowledge of business is very useful today, and it has always seemed odd to the outsider that the House of Lords, increasingly composed as it is of men who have made fortunes in business, should have been cut off dealing with money bills.

Mr. Baumann's one hero is Disraeli, who, he explains, spent so much of his life as a leader of the Opposition, because "Palmerston was a Conservative in the skin of a Liberal." It seems somewhat strange that Disraeli should speak of "enthusiasm" as a "quality which ought never to be possessed by an Archbishop of Canterbury or a Prime Minister of England." Here we have to realize that in the eighteenth century "enthusiasm" was a depreciatory word, used of wild ranters. For Disraeli it had still some of this colour; in his last novel he credits a young Liberal with

> that youthful fervour which is sometimes called enthusiasm, but which is a heat of imagination subsequently discovered to be inconsistent with the experience of actual life.

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY. By F. W. HIRST. Macmillan. 2 Vols. 28s.

LIKE many others, Mr. Hirst was disappointed with Lord Morley's "Recollections." He has done his best to supplement them by drawing upon Morley's correspondence with Frederic Harrison and other intimates, and from reminiscences of close personal intercourse with him begun in the preparation of the "Life of Gladstone."

The biography, whilst not uncritical, is that of one who is regarded by the author as the greatest man he had ever met, and is full, to a fault, of citation, particularly on the political side. It covers Morley's career as far as the General Election of 1885. The statesman-author made no mark at Oxford, where, however, he acquired a highly useful friend in the amiable and affluent Positivist, Cotter Morison, and plunged into the vortex of London journalism soon after he came of age. He was in at the death of three papers in the early sixties, but was encouraged in his youthful struggles by the kindly inspiration of George Meredith. He first won his spurs on the *Saturday Review*, obtaining the personal acquaintance of Mill through an article and the written commendation of Victor Hugo by a review. He recalled that he used to meet Lord Robert Cecil (Lord Salisbury) at the office every week, but both "had a talent for silence"; and that he was once sent by Douglas Cook to a donkey show. Morley's first book was a republication of *Saturday* "middles." But in '67 Cotter Morison got him the editorship of the *Fortnightly*, which soon gave him an assured position. He directed it with increasing success for fifteen years, and made it an influential organ of advanced views both in religion and politics, as well as a seedplot for his own writings. Frederic Harrison aided him both with pen and counsel, and was "almost co-editor"; the correspondence between him and Morley, in which they chaffed one another freely, is the most lively part of Mr. Hirst's work. Huxley, Meredith, Clifford, Trollope, Froude, and Arnold were among the contributors; and Morley made amends to Swinburne for his anonymous reproof for "tuning his lyre in a sty" (in the *Saturday*) by giving him constant hospitality in his columns.

In the early seventies the monarchy was temporarily unpopular, and we behold Morley and Harrison masquerading at this time as brother Republicans. But the former, at least, rapidly developed into a practical politician, and we meet him, in the second volume, as editor of the *Pall Mall*, taking a leading part in the overthrow of Forster and his Irish policy. The curious friendship he formed with Chamberlain is much in evidence in Mr. Hirst's later pages. Burke's biographer, however,

could not stomach the Birmingham apostle's "natural rights" speech, and at the end we see the two widely diverging over Ireland.

On the literary side we find interesting occasional utterances by Morley on anonymity and style. He sees danger in Pater's peculiarities of diction, and takes Harrison's advice to read Cobbett for the attainment of simplicity in his own writing. George Sand, however, was to him the most perfect of prose writers. An interview with Carlyle in 1873 left him unimpressed, especially as the sage emitted "Wha-at a na-est of cackatreeces!" as his opinion of the *Fortnightly*. Of "the man John Morley's" own writing, however, he was said to approve. Specimens in these volumes of Morley's own epigrams are his descriptions of Macaulay as "a college don type of Philistine," and Fitzjames Stephen as "Bill Sikes converted by Bentham"; and there is evidence that he could sometimes see himself in a humorous light.

FICTION

A Girl in the Art Class. By Jan Gordon. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Gordon and his wife are well known for their admirable series of travel books. From her he has got material for this vivid and veracious story of a girl, an art student who decided to make her own career when her tyrannous father gave her a step-mother. First in London and then in Paris she learns what the artist's life is like, the want of originality in professors, the steadily degrading claims of commerce, and the curious and very mixed types of Bohemian who frequent studios. Some of them are pathetically hopeless as artists; some fall by the way; others never meant to be more than birds of passage; and others again compromise and lose all their originality in saleable work. The standards of morality and cleanliness freely set forth will be amazing to the respectable, particularly as revealed in wild Russians. One artist, instead of washing himself, uses india-rubber; another drives himself mad on ether, and nearly all have free views of sex. Mr. Gordon includes several very amusing exhibitions of foreign nationality, and makes great play with the arrival of Matisse and other new portents in painting. He gives us in convincing detail the atmosphere of studios and cheap and crazy lodgings, as well as the strange colours of modern art. He can even find typical colours to describe various sorts of adventures. He leaves his heroine happily married to an artist who was untidy enough to have a lot of boots about in every corner, handy to knock in nails. We wonder if she reformed him. The printing of the book is indifferent, and sometimes we have to conjecture the word that ought to be there.

THE SPANISH FARM TRILOGY, 1914–18. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

WE hear complaints about the price of books, but there are certainly some good bargains to be had today. A striking trio of novels by Mr. Oliver Onions, seeing the same persons from different points of view, was published a while since in one volume, and now we have "The Spanish Farm Trilogy" under two covers, the three novels of the war which have made Mr. Mottram's reputation, at the price of one. Besides, there are three short stories of the war, one of which, "The Winner," our readers will remember. It is a good illustration of Mr. Mottram's subtlety in presenting a character with no high lights. Wisely he makes no attempt to "memorize another Golgotha" with strong and fiery words. He goes deeper into the ironies and misunderstandings, the want of co-ordination due not only to military blundering, but also to essential differences of race, training and feeling among the Allies. After "The Spanish Farm" and "Sixty-four, Ninety-four," one might have expected an anti-climax; but "The Crime at Vanderlynden's" is a triumph of irony, a nightmare of wasted effort. The affair, misconceived at the beginning, exaggerated to international proportions, and never traced to the offender, nearly worries off his head the decent officer who has endlessly to search for him. The war brought us little that was good and new, except, perhaps, in medical science, but it discovered Mr. Mottram, who observed everything so keenly, and not least the brutal stupidity of it all.

HALLOWMEAD, LIMITED. By VERNON RENDALL. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MR. VERNON RENDALL has chosen for his device the potent line, "What fools these mortals be!" And it cannot be denied that for this assumption he has most excellent authority. The result is three hundred pages of clever fooling and a collection of mortals, each of whom affords the right material for our author's wit, wisdom, and other genial accomplishments. Clearly, Mr. Rendall is a satirist, and, in presenting a picture of the age, he allows himself full liberty to behave as such.

In a measure, too, he recalls those Restoration dramatists whose art resided more in the pungency of their dialogue than in the presentation of their story, or what might be considered as their "plot." Not that he is indecorous like Wycherley—far from it. As Congreve or Vanbrugh might have done, he shoots at the follies of the day, and, as times have changed, instead of lovers his target is mostly the new rich, the newly ennobled, the huckster and the politician. Well, let them have it, for, in all conscience, their hides are thick enough!

By introducing a perfect specimen of the Soho waiter into our peerage and from that into the bosom of Society (with a capital S, please), Mr. Rendall gets his comedy on the move. The rest is wit, which occasionally reaches brilliance, and a series of diverting episodes which disarm criticism. There is a curiously realistic portrait of a vulgar widow, and Charles, the waiter from the "Cheval Blanc," is a gem. To anybody in search of a literary lark, if one may so describe it, we heartily recommend "Hallowmead, Limited." A. K.

THE WAY TRIUMPHANT. By J. M. A. MILLS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

MISS MILLS is a promising recruit to historical fiction, and has a good subject in Montrose, fighting the lost cause of King Charles against the Covenanters, great in his manipulation of small forces, and greater in the influence of his personality. Here he comes across a miscreant and a poltroon and turns him into the bravest of friends and soldiers. The love interest is well managed, though the insistence on details of dress will appeal more to a feminine than a masculine audience. Miss Mills has the essential gift of inventing and maintaining a good plot and can write emotional scenes. Her vocabulary is fluent, but should not include a modernism like "materialize." Experience, however, will suggest more care in this way.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING. By COSMO HAMILTON. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

THIS is a light, pleasant story of Charles II and a delicate little flirtation with a country girl—probably Charles's only innocent flirtation. Mr. Hamilton has written better books. In this there is too much stilted conversation among the King's retinue. One is not surprised that he prefers a tongue-tied village girl. There are some happy bits of description. The King's room in the Belgian village is "clean as a swan's wing, neat as a spinster's mind." The last scene, where Charles is pursued by his courtiers and his kingship thrust upon him, is good. There is a sense of clinging sorrow. For Charles wanted a blossomy cottage, a country wife, naive children, his own soul. Instead, they gave him—a kingdom.

SOLEMN BOY. By HECTOR BOLITHO. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE "boy" was born in New Zealand, a farmer's son, and grew up to find understanding in his grandmother, who had a wider vision than his respectable parents. He wanted to write: so he broke away to the larger world of Australia as a journalist. There he lost in the war the one close friend of his youth, a steady foil to his riotous imagination, and married, with results that may be left to the reader.

Mr. Bolitho has a good sense of character and does his local colour effectively. He follows the development of his young man into an intellectual prig, hating, indeed, anything like "intentional uplift," but reserved and unable for some time to see much in rather crude, colonial energy. It takes a serious crisis and an old priest to educate him to a decent sense of other people. He really has no solid views of life, having got rid of the old faiths, and, when we leave him, he has not done anything of serious value to justify his intellectual aloofness. We should expect him in the adolescent stage to be mad about the Elizabethans or follow some crusade, since he is not highly sexed. The vivid details of his youth are more convincing than his young manhood. But in all this he may be a typical modern figure. Mr. Bolitho can write and select significant moments.

THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE. By MARGARET REVELL. Crosby Lockwood. 7s. 6d.

A LITTLE loose and careless in form, this story yet holds the attention and contains some excellent studies of character, particularly in the rising generation. The house in question is the home in the suburbs in which a young couple begin their married life, and it is much more to the wife, who loves fussing over furniture, dusting and cleaning, than to the husband, who finds an imaginative spirit suppressed as the years go on. Children come to the pair, and grow up to find the house an obsession from which they are glad to escape. The advent of the war kills one of them and gives others a chance to develop. We follow their characters and fortunes with unfailing interest, and see the house at the end emptied of its furniture and waiting for a new tenant. But perhaps, after all, in spite of increasingly distasteful crowding in the suburb, the house was less to blame than the gulf which separates the types of Martha and Mary. The author has a real and deep appreciation of those beauties of Nature which can be seen out of doors.

GENERAL

CAPE TO CAIRO: THE RECORD OF AN HISTORIC MOTOR JOURNEY. By STELLA COURT TREATT. With 64 photogravures. Harrap. 21s.

AMONG the six who crossed the African continent in two cars was one woman, the wife of the leader and organizer, and here she gives an account, largely from her diary, of what she saw and what she felt. It is a tribute to her unfailing spirit and to the extraordinary ingenuity and perseverance of the whole party. Mrs. Court Treatt dressed as a boy, and there is something boyish in the slang of her diary, as where she talks of "an awfully thrilling thrill," but she has managed to give a very good idea of the dangers and difficulties surmounted and the happy relations of the whole party. Apart from the trials of crossing rivers,

sometimes with the car at the bottom of the water, the long journey included three periods of special stress: the hideous swamps due to incessant rain in Rhodesia, where "it took us four months to do 380 miles"; the crossing of the Bahr el Arab with the handicap of a crowd of Dinkas who were surly and known to be treacherous; and the journey of which the official wire from Cairo said, "Halfa to Shellal quite impossible by car." On this dangerous ground the party were lost in the desert with very little water. Of the first part of the route the leader had already experience from working on aerodromes. Farther on he had arranged dumps at various places with suitable stores. Without these advantages the travellers would have failed, as Capt. Kelsey did in 1913–14. As it was, they had to leave by the way much that they took, in order to lighten their cars. They were tortured by insects, endured fevers and poisonous bites, and ran great risks with savage animals.

Julius was sitting cooking in the thorn-branch-enclosed kitchen *boma*, just before he left, and dropped the kettle he was holding when he looked up almost into the face of a big lion.

Luckily it ambled off, for, as the writer remarks, "They are so jolly quick; if they charged before you could shoot you could kiss yourself good-bye."

She has a keen eye for native customs, and says of

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—*Saturday Review.*
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"Lola is an unusual and refreshing heroine."—*Birmingham Post.*
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"A very pretty wit."—*Daily Telegraph.*

CUT FLOWERS

By OLIVER ONIONS

Author of "Peace in our Time," etc. 7s. 6d. net. This story may be described as a twin sister to "Peace in our Time." It deals with the women demobilized after the war in the same way as the earlier novel dealt with the fate of the men who were demobilized. It is a very powerful story and will fascinate all lovers of strong, sincere fiction.

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By REGINALD CAMPBELL

Author of "Brown Wife—or White?" etc. 7s. 6d. net. The hero is a naval officer, who goes through the bombardment of the Dardanelles, and breaks off his engagement with a fascinating girl because he fears his love for her is rendering him a coward. Later on, he is involved in the perils arising from Bolshevism and the General Strike, and proves himself worthy of the lady of his heart by his heroic endurance.

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one of the admirable illustrations taken at Wan among the Dinkas:

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THE ORDINARY MAN'S ACCOUNTS. By BN/FAX 5. P. S. King. 5s.

THE author, who uses, we presume, his monomark on the title page, writes for the instruction of the "ordinary man" who wants to keep his own private accounts accurately and have a clear view of his financial position. It is rightly remarked that all textbooks on the subject necessarily include a mass of information which would only serve to bewilder the average reader. The author shows a very intimate knowledge of accountancy, but we doubt if his detail is always simple enough to be followed without the risk of confusion. In the chapter on "Debtor and Creditor" we should have preferred the explanation that the bookkeeper was debtor to himself for all he received, and creditor for everything he paid out. At any rate, the style of the writer is clear and free from the distressing dialect sometimes known as "Commercial English," and, when once his system has been mastered, the record of private finance can be made quicker than by amateur methods which are likely to be defective in some particulars.

HOW I LEARNT FRENCH: A BRIEF RECORD WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR LEARNERS. By "PAT." A. M. Philpot. 1s.

THE practice of separating instruction from amusement is so common that we rejoice in the exceptions. Horace, who wrote, by the way, "*Ridentem* dicere verum," protests, and this booklet is a good instance of sound views by a master of French who can be amusing. Thus of English words in France he writes:

> Some English officers entering a café called for some "White Label" Whisky. The waiter promptly called out "Vite la Belle!" whereupon all the unattached ladies present whipped out their vanity bags, agog with the hope—short-lived, alas!—of unwonted good fortune.

The writer gives some very useful hints on difficulties of pronunciation, which are serious for the Englishman, as he is shy about making mistakes, and has, in his own slipshod speech, atrophied his ear for precise sounds. We notice also some admirable remarks about the French and English points of view, a real contribution to an *Entente*. We know people who spend years in a foreign country and never get a proper hold of the language, though they may be fluent in it. There are no short cuts to French; it needs hard work, as "Pat" indicates, but the work will become a pleasure as one grows old, like Solon, ever learning. This discipline and delight of the artist are too seldom commended today.

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